T44017RITZZZFH TNR 0979
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

Carter's Confidence Crisis

Osborne, TRB, The Editors

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 3, 1979

Price One Dollar

Paul Fussell
War Memoirs

Walter Dean Burnham
The Voter's Dilemma

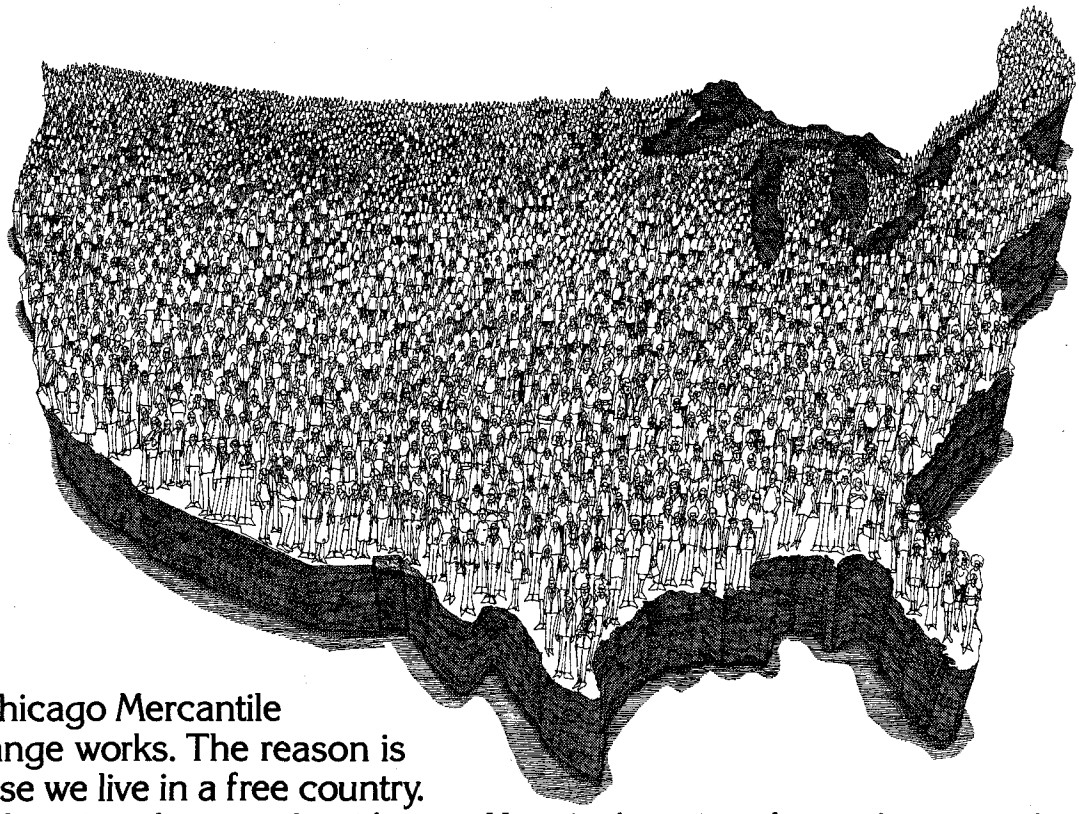
John Canaday
Art and Circuses

Modern American Gothic

Why Protesting Farmers Are All Wet

LICENSED TO MYLOR.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chicago Mercantile Exchange. Assets: over 200 million free Americans.



The Chicago Mercantile Exchange works. The reason is because we live in a free country.

Sure, that sounds corny, but it's true. Here in America, the environment is right, the overwhelming majority of Americans sincerely believe in the free enterprise system, and those who have the need, desire and means to trade on the CME do so in great numbers. In fact the market is so attractive that a significant percentage of orders come in from every part of the globe. (It's no coincidence that the volume of futures trading done in the U.S. is greater than in the rest of the world combined.)

What's the attraction? With more than 20 futures contracts listed, ranging from Swiss francs and U.S. T-bills to stud lumber and frozen pork bellies, businesses wishing to reduce the risk of future price and interest rate changes have an open auction market on which to do so. Speculators hoping to capitalize on the very same uncertainties may apply their skills in the market with just as good a chance as anyone else of being successful.

The "chemistry" of all these divergent interests coming together on one trading floor is what has made the Chicago Mercantile Exchange one of the world's leading financial institutions. There's only one possible explanation for that. It works.

CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE®

International Monetary Market® **Associate Mercantile Market®**

444 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60606

A Federally Licensed Contract Market

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
March 3, 1979

Who's in Charge?

A prestigious team of 10 political scientists has just given Washington a searching survey and asked this penetrating question: "Who runs this place? Who's in charge?"

And an Englishman from the University of Essex, Anthony King, sums it up for the group at the end of the book: "The short answer, despite President Carter's best efforts, would have to be, 'No one. Nobody is in charge here.'"

Dear me. This is no radical or lightweight group. The 10 essays are printed by the right-of-center American Enterprise Institute, and they are written by solid, eminent university types, led by Samuel H. Beer of Harvard. "The New American Political System," it's called. I sighed as I studied it last week, as Jimmy Carter made his first big pitch for the SALT II agreements in Atlanta. Will the Senate approve? Without SALT, Carter says, the nuclear arms race will surge: "The costs would be enormous, the risks self-evident. And both nations would wind up less secure." But can Washington handle this? Who runs the place? Who's in charge?

Take the energy problem as an example. Three presidents have had a crack at it. Under Nixon's "Project Independence" the country was supposed to become self-sufficient by 1980. At one point Nixon announced the shortage "solved." Along came Jerry Ford. He tried to persuade Congress to vote retrenchment. Former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird wanted fast action. Writing in the January 1975 *Reader's Digest*, under the title "Let's Meet the Energy Crunch—*Now*!" he urged "immediate federal rationing of gasoline and fuel oil." He ended his exhortation: "We await only the call to action by the President and the new session of Congress!"

And nothing happened. After Nixon and Ford came Carter. He sent his 283-page energy bill to Congress on April 29, 1977. The man who invented it, James Schlesinger, now head of the Energy Department, lectured the Senate committee under blinding TV lights, in stern voice with measured cadences. He told them of the grave peril that needed the bold, politically courageous action of Congress. Ho hum, said Congress.

"The world is just generally running out of oil and gas," Schlesinger said. He also said, "We are using 30 percent more energy than we need to maintain, roughly, our standard of living." Others stress the same fact. Sweden uses 60 percent of the energy per person America uses; West Germany 50 percent; France 40 percent. Gas still goes into American cars at about 65 cents a gallon; English, Germans, Japanese pay double that; the French treble.

These facts were presented regularly to the bored public and nothing much happened. "In the early summer of 1978, more than 15 months after President Carter had introduced his original energy package," Professor King points out with polite English wonder, "no effective action had been taken." Why this nonchalance in the face of danger? One wonders about the system. Who's in charge? Looming behind energy, with the new crisis in Iran, is the far more dangerous and Satanic problem of the nuclear arms race. Something should be done. But will the Senate go along with a Carter treaty on it, or indeed on any treaty that Moscow is likely to sign?

The essence of these studies is that political authority is being "atomized" in America. Parties are in decline; primaries select random candidates; "single-issue" lobbies agitate; the voter is disillusioned and the empty polling booth often decides the contest. The old-style party coalition reached its peak under Roosevelt—an aggregation of separate voting blocs glued together by a general philosophy. Now's it's gone. In nice academic jargon, editor King says, "If one message emerges from the pages of this book, it is that fewer and fewer cohesive blocs are to be found in the American polity."

There's one more aspect, too, as Samuel Petterson of the University of Iowa says: "Congress is far more formidable as a political body today than it was in the more quiescent days of the 1950s and 1960s. Congress is semi-sovereign."

What will Congress, or the Senate, anyway, do with SALT II? There's a variant of confusion here that the new analysis doesn't discuss, the requirement of a two-thirds Senate vote to ratify a treaty. Each state, of course, has two votes regardless of its size. One negative vote cancels out two affirmative votes. For example, Ted Stevens, Republican of Alaska (population 300,000), could theoretically neutralize the "yes" votes of Javits and Moynihan of New York (population about 20 million). The 17 smallest states (population 13 million) have 34 votes or enough, technically, to kill a treaty. The dozen largest states have 60 percent of total population but only 24 votes.

Jimmy Carter is following the pattern of many presidents who find that they have more scope in foreign than domestic affairs. Egypt and Israel returned to Camp David last week, away from reporters, to search for peace. And in Georgia Carter made his first big speech for SALT II. At Annapolis last year he asked the Soviet Union, "Cooperation or confrontation—which?" Now he said the relationship is a "mixture of cooperation and competition." He would not let either outweigh the other.

Teddy Kennedy emphatically supported him on SALT the same day. Suppose there is no SALT, Kennedy asked. What then? According to intelligence estimates, the Soviets "just with the momentum of their present program, could deploy some 500 more nuclear delivery systems by 1985." With the restrictions of the proposed treaty, he said, "SALT could prevent some 750 nuclear systems—up to 10,000 additional nuclear warheads—from being aimed at the United States." America could match this threat, he added, but the price tag for an unrestrained round in the arms race "would be $100 billion more, at current prices, than we could spend under SALT II."

Carter and Kennedy have a strong voice when they speak together.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Challenge your students with THE NEW REPUBLIC in your classroom!

Special low rate!

The New Republic, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—**before the issue appears on the newsstands.**

- **Student's Copies:** Only 35¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.
- **Instructors' Copies:** No charge.

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.
(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
Please supply The New Republic at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

____ student copies weekly @ 35¢.

____ instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ **to** _____
(date) **(date)**

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

Signature _____

☐ **Payment enclosed: $** ____ ☐ Bill me.

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Who's in Charge?
Comment	5	What in the World to Do?
	7	*Correspondence*
Bruce Ackerman	8	Unconstitutional Convention
John Osborne	10	White House Watch: Under Pressure
Tad Szulc	12	Quebec's Success
Morton Halperin	14	Back to Camp David
Stephen Chapman	16	Welfare Tractors
Stephen Kinzer	19	Montezuma's Real Revenge
		ARTS AND LIVES
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Disappearances
John Canaday	25	Art
Doris Kearns	27	The Art of Biography: The Power and Pathos of LBJ
		Books Considered
Paul Fussell	29	*Soldiers of '44* by William P. McGivern *Naples '44* by Norman Lewis
Walter Dean Burnham	32	*Choices and Echoes in Presidential Elections* by Benjamin I. Page
Jerrold Seigel	34	*Antonio Gramsci* by James Joll
Carl Dennis	35	Poem: "The Embassy"
Peter Sterling	37	*The Mind Manipulators* by Alan W. Scheflin and Edward M. Opton Jr.
Harvey Fireside	38	*To Build a Castle* by Vladimir Bukovsky
Washington Diarist	42	Tapping on the Cobblestones

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 180, No. 9, Issue 3347, March 3, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: Protesting members of the American Agriculture Movement drive through the Reflecting Pool in front of the Capitol in Washington on February 6. Photo by Joel Richardson—The Washington Post.

Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Rights and Permissions—*Brenda A. Kepler*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna Melson Arthur*
Bookkeeper—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Director of Advertising—*Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Advertising Coordinator—*Elizabeth McGee*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Intern—*David Japhet*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 3, 1979

What in the World to Do?

Over the past several weeks, the United States has learned, the Soviet Union has entered world currency markets to purchase what Swiss sources describe as "enormous quantities" of Iranian rials, and has paid "premium prices" to get them. This intelligence—suggesting that the Soviets are acquiring new means to meddle in Iran's turbulent internal affairs—led to the warning in President Carter's Georgia Tech speech February 20 that "if others interfere [in Iran], directly or indirectly, they are on notice that this will have serious consequences and will affect our broader relationship with them." It was an all-too-typical Carter performance. Confronted with evidence of Soviet preparations for misbehavior, the president apparently could think up nothing better to do than issue a public statement. The Carter speech contained some good rhetoric. "In the Middle East, in Southeast Asia, and elsewhere in the world, we will stand by our friends—we will honor our commitments—and we will protect the vital interests of the United States," Carter said. But there is no sense the Carter administration has much idea what to do to fulfill the president's vows—in the Middle East, in Asia or anywhere else.

On the contrary, big and small nations, cartels and terrorist organizations all over the world have been competing with each other to use the United States as a doormat. The US urged China not to invade Vietnam, whereupon China invaded. (*The New York Times* amiably labeled it an "incursion.") Teng Hsiao-ping made it clear even as America's guest, and again on his way home, that he has little respect for our will, even though he wants to use our technology, and us, to suit China's purposes. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced a European-African-Arab summit, pointedly cutting the US out. Asked to discuss American policy, he said the world's crises demand "a clear conception and firm implementation" of policy, which (he said) at least *France* has. Our ambassador was kidnapped and killed in Afghanistan, and all we could do was complain and announce that the president was "hopping mad" that Soviet advisers let it happen. No one's been punished, no one's afraid; we haven't even got the assets to find out who did it and why. The president of Mexico can scold and insult the president of the United States, and all our president can do is mumble about Montezuma's revenge.

It is little wonder that President Carter's poll rankings are nearing new lows, cartoonists are making him a laughing stock and political enemies in both parties are practicing for what they think will be an easy kill in 1980. Carter is having trouble even holding his own administration together, with Energy Secretary Schlesinger raising alarms about an impending energy crisis, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal pooh-poohing and the president, seemingly, splitting the difference. President Carter is developing a reputation for ineptitude which, unless it is reversed, will cause his defeat next year or, if he somehow achieves reelection, should cause Americans to quake for their country's future until the year 1985.

What can be done? In the international realm, we find that neither the president's supporters nor his enemies have adequate answers. His enemies, including Republican presidential candidates and former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, imply that President Carter and his policies are mainly to blame for the disrespect America is being shown in the world. At the same time, their only remedy (besides replacing him) is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to threaten Senate defeat of the forthcoming strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union unless the Soviets stop causing America trouble. If "linkage" is going to be the sum and substance of Republican foreign policy for 1980 and after, it shows that we can expect as little imagination from the GOP in that field as we have come to expect from it over the years in domestic affairs.

Carter's foes can call out a long list of US reverses over the past few years, as Kissinger did in his recent interviews with *The Economist* of London: "We have had Cuban troops in Angola, Cuban troops in Ethiopia, two invasions of Zaire, a communist coup in Afghanistan, a communist coup in South Yemen, and the occupation of Cambodia by Vietnam, all achieved by Soviet arms, with Soviet encouragement and in several cases protected by the Soviet veto in the United Nations."

If Kissinger has any specific prescriptions for thwarting Soviet-radical gains, he is keeping them to himself. Most other Republicans seem to have none at all, except "linkage." But the SALT treaty has limited usefulness as a hostage, and it can only be defeated once. In the real world, it will require something better than threats to SALT to stop Soviet advances in Africa, Asia and the Middle East.

On the other side, meanwhile, some administration officials and Carter congressional supporters seem so eager to protect SALT that they will pretend US interests face no threat at all. Everything gets explained away. The crisis in Iran becomes just the product of internal unrest which the United States could not and should not influence. Soviets in Africa become nothing to worry about; everyone knows what a pain the Russians make of themselves, it's said, and we can be sure they will be thrown out eventually. We Americans have every reason to be confident, it's claimed. We have the best economy, the world's most attractive political system and still the biggest nuclear arsenal. So why should anybody worry?

And yet, Americans are worried and our allies are worried, too. The Soviets have shown willingness to employ money, arms, guile and surrogates to advance their interests, whereas one wing of the Carter administration—the Cyrus Vance-Andrew Young wing—seems either oblivious to the threat or afraid to face it. Meanwhile, a rival wing headed by Zbigniew Brzezinski seems transfixed by it and inclined to reach for any policy—the "China card" is the most notorious example—to meet it. Tension between the two wings, sparring between them in the press and President Carter's attempts to accommodate them in his speeches only add to the drain of public confidence in his administration. The result is that Carter stands in danger of losing SALT and the presidency.

What can be done? Immediately, it is imperative that President Carter get China to stop its invasion of Vietnam before the Soviet Union uses it as a pretext for attacking China, with scary consequences for the whole world. Carter should have told Teng personally—and must now make it unmistakably clear—that China will get no Western arms or technology unless its aggression is halted.

Next, Carter must achieve an Egyptian-Israeli settlement. The Camp David accord remains the signal (perhaps the single) original accomplishment of this administration, and a failure to conclude a peace will be a death blow to public confidence in the president. Iran probably has made the task even more difficult than it was after the 1978 Camp David summit. Israel and Egypt both feel that concessions and risks are harder to make when the PLO and other radical forces are ascendant in the Middle East, as they are with the rise of Khomeini. Carter needs to impress on both sides, and on the kingdoms of Saudi Arabia and Jordan, that the shah's fall only increases the need for pro-Western cohesiveness.

Both to promote a settlement and to stabilize the Middle East in the aftermath of Iran, the nations of the area need assurance that the United States remains committed to their well-being. Defense Secretary Brown tried to press this point on his recent visit; but more than visits, words and increased military aid may be required. The administration should consider negotiation of US air bases in the Sinai and the Jordan-Saudi border region to accomplish this purpose. The strategy of depending on a nation like Iran to serve as regional policeman has not worked. Israel, of all Middle East countries, is the most dependable US ally, but the Arab countries would never permit the Jewish state to be responsible for their security, even after conclusion of a peace. So the US will have to do the job itself. This job may also require a bigger US naval presence in the Indian Ocean.

The Vietnam-to-Africa "arc of crisis" appears to be a disaster area, but it is also an area of opportunity for creative diplomacy. Ethiopia, Iraq and Syria are uncomfortable as Soviet allies. Iraq will be worried, too, about its internal religious divisions. These countries are not likely to become US allies overnight, but openings exist for quiet US approaches. More publicly, the US needs to do all it can to bolster ties with Turkey and Pakistan, allies with severe economic and political problems. There may be opportunities yet for close co-operation with Iran.

In many obscure places in the world, according to administration officials, there has been a tendency for US diplomats to slip back into comfortable habits of the pre-Vietnam era—not to speak the local language fluently and to spend too much time in foreigner enclaves or with local elites. It may not achieve immediate results for the Carter administration, but new incentive systems need to be established for foreign service officers to learn difficult languages and mix with the masses.

The arc of crisis also is an area for creative covert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

The biographer's pitfalls

To the editors:

Leon Edel's "The Figure Under the Carpet" (*TNR*, February 10) is, among other things, an admirable critique of modern biographies that are "too heavy and too long," weighed down with dispiriting minutiae, not complex so much as merely busy—so that there is no figure in, or under, the carpet, and the reader comes away having no clear idea of the subject at all.

However, there are serious problems involved in the biographer's search for the "hidden personal myth" that will organize details around it. Perhaps Mr. Edel, an excellent biographer himself, is unable to foresee these problems; but to my eye they are distressingly clear. The dangers are:

1. The biographer, playing amateur psychoanalyst, but, unlike a professional psychoanalyst, innocent of his own hidden obsessions, will quite naturally project his own "personal myth" onto the subject. Transference and counter-transference phenomena, while glibly discussed, are but slenderly understood, and no one is more susceptible to projecting his hidden fantasies onto a subject than one who is certain of his own objectivity.

2. The biographer, guided by a desire to organize recalcitrant material, will reduce to a single myth what is quite likely—given the decades of a subject's life—to be many myths. Is an artist of Faulkner's or Joyce's complexity to be understood in terms of a single organizing principle? And why would one *wish* to understand the artist in these terms?

3. The biographer, guided by a dubious Freudian proposition that there is inevitably a difference between *manifest* and *latent* meaning, may unwittingly ignore the figure on the surface of the carpet in order to search for a figure beneath it which may, or may not, exist. It's altogether possible that a highly "masculine" man who likes sports and violence and competition is, simply, what he appears to be—a superficial rather than a highly complex personality hiding doubts of his masculinity. A mild-mannered person may in fact be mild-mannered, and not suppressing murderous impulses. Individuals are not always so complex (and so fascinating) as the Freudian melodrama would have it.

4. The biographer fails to see that the quality of the subject's achievement, and not certain quirks or eccentricities of his life, deserves our attention. If Dostoyevsky had ambiguous feelings about his father, for instance, why did he write so many excellent books?—why not a few short stories, of mediocre quality? What accounts for the artist's energy and his faith in his talent? Joseph Frank's recent study of Dostoyevsky's early years includes a highly convincing critique of the Freudian method—as it was employed by Freud himself, rather dishonestly, in terms of Dostoyevsky's "father complex." But to my knowledge no one has commented on Frank's important discovery, which seriously challenges the old-fashioned Freudian reading of Dostoyevsky.

In short, Mr. Edel has more faith than I in the ability of the biographer or portraitist to discern his subject's "inwardness." If one has his likeness painted by a number of artists, each of them talented, he will be amused at the variety of selves presented—testifying not to the protean compexity of his own inwardness, but to the differing personalities of the artists. And literary critics are as susceptible as portraitists to the phenomenon of transference. When the biographical method Mr. Edel discusses is not sustained on an intellectually high level, as in his own study of Henry James (which *is* solidly grounded on fact), the results will be reductive, arbitrary, vulgar, and confusing—the subject will be a massive Rorschach of the biographer's own "personal myth."

Joyce Carol Oates
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

To the editors:

Leon Edel's treatment of what he calls Max Eastman's "very proper biographical question—why did Hemingway make such a fuss about the hair on his chest?" misses the obvious answer. All Hemingway scholars and critics know that the "fuss" resulted from Eastman's stupid review of Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* ("Bull in the Afternoon," *TNR*, June 7, 1933) in which Eastman ridiculed a book which Hemingway took quite seriously. Among many literary aspersions and personal slurs, Eastman accused Hemingway of "wearing false hair on the chest." Naturally, Hemingway was insulted; the insult rankled until the chance meeting described by Edel. A biographer of Edel's stature might be expected not to rely upon one participant's report of a quarrel. A full and factual account is given on page 317 of Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway.

Edel does both himself and Hemingway less than justice when he tells us that "life reduced to the terms of the bull ring and the prize fight is a very narrow kind of life indeed." Hemingway, a serious aficionado and historian of bullfighting, used the ring as a symbol of the modern world, a place of violence and death, in which the torero symbolizes man as Hemingway hero facing and overcoming the brutal and destructive forces of life. Those who profess special insights into Hemingway would do well to read *Death in the Afternoon*.

Martin Shockley
North Texas State University
Denton, Texas

Presidential assassins

To the editors:

Having just finished studying the late 1800s in my high school American history class I feel obligated to point out an error in the TRB column of February 10 ("Occupational Hazard"). When Mr. Strout listed each presidential assassin and the price of each weapon, he incorrectly listed Guiteau as the assassin of McKinley and Czolgosz as the assassin of Garfield. Czolgosz assassinated McKinley and Guiteau assassinated Garfield. As for the types and values of the firearms, Mr. Strout knows better than I.

Mark Garner
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Getting better all the time

To the editors:

During a recent educational sabbatical I lost touch with my weekly dose of sanity, *The New Republic*. I've just caught up with several months of back numbers. The articles are as fresh and cogent as those in last week's issue. Since the advent of Mr. Peretz *TNR* has gotten better and better.

Hal Riedl
Baltimore, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operations. If the United States wants to protect and advance its interests, and does not want to do so with Marines, it needs spies as well as diplomats. Inevitably, diplomats work mostly with governments and in-groups. CIA agents are needed to insure that the US has contacts with out-groups, too. Having an effective CIA does not mean that the US inevitably will topple democratically elected governments. It could mean that a friendly government is saved, or that the US is well enough informed to distance itself from a local regime that's about to go under. It could provide the means to thwart a Soviet coup.

In his State of the Union address, President Carter noted with some pride that, again this year, no American soldiers were engaged in combat anywhere in the world. Maintaining the peace, however, means staying involved in the world's crisis areas, not withdrawing. And it means maintaining both US strength and the world's confidence in it.

State legislatures can't dictate the terms of constitutional amendment.

Unconstitutional Convention

The states, or many of them, want a constitutional convention. But the one they seem to want is very different from the great Philadelphia meeting of 1787. Then the founders talked about the basis of legitimate government. Now the states are trying to limit the meeting to a single item: the issue of a balanced federal budget. But do the states have a right to restrict the meeting in this way and still call it a constitutional convention? Is such a single-issue body authorized to make fundamental changes in our basic law?

An answer must begin with the constitutional text. Article Five makes it plain that the states cannot dominate the amendment process. Even if every state legislature met today and unanimously endorsed a balanced budget amendment, this would not make it part of our supreme law. Instead, Article Five makes constitutional revision a two-stage affair. First an amendment must be *proposed* in a national forum—either the Congress or a constitutional convention. It is only then that the amendment can be *ratified* by the states—either through legislatures or state-level conventions, as Congress may direct. The states enter the first stage only in a subsidiary way: if two-thirds of them apply to Congress for one, Congress must "call a Convention for proposing Amendments."

But it is just such a convention that the states do not want. Indeed, many state legislatures explicitly declare that they would prefer *no* convention to one that thought itself free to propose "Amendments." The only meeting they are calling for is one that will rubber stamp their particular proposal for a balanced federal budget. But state legislators do not have the right to dictate the terms of constitutional debate. On the contrary, they may be eliminated entirely if Congress decides that state conventions would be more appropriate vehicles for ratification. The states have the last say on amendments, but the Constitution permits them to consider only those proposals that emerge from a national institution free to consider all possible responses to an alleged constitutional deficiency.

The point goes deeper than the text of Article Five. When we confront the task of constitutional revision, our very notion of political community is at stake. Since Article Five was written, our sense of national identity has become stronger, not weaker. While we remain New Yorkers or Texans, we are more firmly Americans. If we ever required an extraordinary constitutional convention, it should not think of itself as a creature of the separate states. Instead, it must conceive of itself as a *national* institution free to consider the country's needs with as much wisdom and insight as it can muster. Anything else would distort the way Americans today understand their relationship to government. The idea that the states may predominate in our federal system did not survive the Civil War.

What should happen, then, if the budget balancers, or some other single issue groups, succeed in their lobbying campaigns among local legislators? Article Five does not permit the states to convene a "convention" on their own authority. It is up to Congress to decide whether the state applications amount to a legitimate call for a "Convention for proposing Amendments." At this point Congress should see the call for a single issue "convention" for what it is—an effort by state legislators to usurp their rightful place in the constitutional scheme. It is not for the states to dominate both stages of the process of constitutional revision. They cannot force Congress to call a convention to consider only those issues that the states think worth discussing. The convention mechanism should be reserved for moments of real crisis—when the states are willing to assert the need for an unconditional reappraisal of constitutional foundations. If the states are dissatisfied with the constitutional diagnosis of a second Philadelphia-style convention, they may decline to ratify its proposals. It takes only 13 dissenters out of 50 to defeat a proposed amendment. But state legislatures may not use the "convention" provision as a gimmick to liberate a favored pressure group from the normal checks and balances of national politics.

Of course, if the state legislatures were convinced that they must apply for a full-fledged constitutional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's time to face facts

In 1973, it cost $150 per kilowatt to build a coal-fired generating plant. Today, it costs $900. Who pays? The consumer.

If you're outraged about your electric bill these days, welcome to the club. So are we.

Even consumer-owned nonprofit rural electric systems can't hold the line when it costs six times as much to build a generating plant today as it did five years ago.

Why such an enormous jump in power costs in so short a time? Inflation is partly to blame, of course. But a big ball of red tape called the regulatory process is also rolling generating plant construction costs upward.

Ten years ago only two or three government permits were needed to build a generating station. That figure's now up to 60 or more. In fact, one rural electric cooperative recently had to obtain 64 for the plant it's building.

It takes time—lots of it—to get permits . . . especially when the process is deliberately used as a weapon in efforts to block projects. Now planners must allow eight to 10 years for constructing a coal-fired station that, a decade ago, could be completed in three to four years.

And time is big money. Each day work is delayed on a million-kilowatt generating plant, its cost increases by more than $300,000.

Somebody has to pay the bill. Guess who gets it—right in the wallet.

Not only will today's construction delays cost consumers billions tomorrow—yes, *billions*—but they're robbing our nation of its ability to meet future energy demand, a matter of gravest concern.

We're not saying, "Down with regulation!" —far from it. A nation such as ours, as utterly dependent on energy as ours, *must* regulate its utility industries . . . sensibly. But let's be aware that regulation, like everything else, bears a price tag.

Let's not keep raising the price.

Commonsense regulation is in the public interest. Over-regulation is not.

A message from the nation's consumer-owned, nonprofit electric cooperatives and power districts.

America's rural electric systems

For more information, write: Dept R, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 1800 Mass. Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convention or none at all, the present bubble would burst immediately. Nobody thinks we are now in the midst of constitutional crisis. Why, then, should we put the work of the first convention in jeopardy?

Bruce Ackerman

Bruce Ackerman is professor of law at Yale.

White House Watch

Under Pressure

Near the end of this winter of discontent with Jimmy Carter, I offer an opinion, the stories of three White House meetings at which the President expressed his own frustrations and discontents, and an account of how his people handled a family problem that is painful and difficult for him.

The opinion is that the President is going to come out of the current slump in polls and commentaries and look better in a few weeks or at worst in a few months than he looks now. He will come out of it by going on being the Jimmy Carter who got himself elected in 1976, with allowances for what he's learned in the presidency. It is arguable that anybody who had to learn as much as he has had to learn about the presidency should not have been elected. He was elected; that's over. I agree with assistants and spokesmen who argue that what he's learned and acknowledges that he had to learn, especially about how to deal with Congress and get from it the essentials of what he wants, will produce an appearance of good performance and see him through to renomination and reelection in 1980. My reading of him is that he won't go for renomination and reelection unless he's sure that he can win. He has said that he has decided about 1980 but won't tell what he's decided for awhile. An assistant who is close to one of the assistants who is closest to Carter thinks that the President was kidding the press and that he has neither decided nor confided to anybody, possibly excepting Rosalynn Carter, how his thinking on 1980 goes. The same assistant admonishes his policy staff to stay in there to work for initiatives that will improve the chances of Carter's reelection in 1980, and to think about jumping ship and getting rich and famous on the strength of their White House connection only after November 1980.

The White House staff story is that Carter is concerned but not disturbed by the flood of commentary to the effect, as the Evans-Novak newspaper column put it in the context of his scheduled trip March 2 to California, that thereabouts he is among the political "walking dead." Press Secretary Jody Powell warned Carter in a memorandum in early January that the failure to achieve the foreign policy successes expected last December—strategic arms agreement with the Soviet Union, an Israel-Egypt treaty after the Camp David summit—and the disintegration of the Shah's government and of our commitment to it in Iran, would bring on a flood of derogatory comment. So, the story goes, the President was prepared for it and is not seriously shaken by it. That is believable, considering his renowned capacity for kissing off adverse comment and for believing that his conception of what is right must eventually prevail. The following stories of what has happened recently at the White House bring some of the President's perceptions and judgments into question but do not invalidate the guess that he'll come out of it in better shape than most of us media harpies expect.

At his press briefing on February 8, Powell was asked whether the President had "chastised the State Department for leaking information" contrary to fact or to administration policy. Powell answered that "the President has met in the past several days with people from State, people from the NSC, and with our domestic policy people." The thrust then and at later discussions on and off the record was that the President's concern was that "those of us in responsible positions ought to be very careful about making public comments which could contribute to a misapprehension of what our policy was with regards to matters of importance." The first report of admonitions from Carter had dealt with a lecture he had given Department of State officials and Powell was suggesting that it was merely one of many such that the President had delivered. Powell's account amounts to a substantial abridgment of the facts.

January 17, two weeks before the sequence that Powell suggested, Carter had Stuart Eizenstat, the director of the domestic policy staff, assemble his principal assistants in the Roosevelt Room at the White House, mostly people whom Carter had never met or had never had extended conversation with. He had told Eizenstat that he was aware of the feeling among many of them that they needed a contact and a sense of identity with him that they had lacked. At the meeting Eizenstat mentioned the difficulty of maintaining a full discourse between White House and department officials without premature disclosures to the press of what was being proposed and considered. This led Carter into a discussion of his—any President's—problem of having full communication with federal departments and agencies without, as Carter regarded it, premature and damaging disclosure of policy options that were in discussion but not decided. It was a friendly conversation about a recognized problem and not a stern lecture of the kind that he gave 17 deliberately selected State Department officials on February 6.

Marvin Kalb, CBS's senior State Department

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

correspondent, said on the network's evening news February 5 that "US officials believe that the Bakhtiar government will fall probably in the next day or so." Roger Mudd, the weekend evening news conductor, said on the 7 p.m. segment after replaying Kalb's report on the first 6:30 p.m. telecast that "after hearing Kalb's report, presidential press secretary Jody Powell called from the White House this evening to say that the President, the Secretary of State, and the national security advisor [Zbigniew Brzezinski] do not believe that the Bakhtiar government will fall." It fell.

The aftermath is revealing. Newspapers and other networks reported the same thing the next day. So what had driven Carter and his assistants concerned with public reaction—notably Powell—to the fury indicated by the summons of 17 State Department officials, headed by Secretary Vance, to the White House the next morning? Granted that the State Department is a leaky place and that some recent leaks had profoundly irritated Carter assistants, there is no rational answer. One I've heard is that Kalb went ahead with his report after checking with Powell and being told that the President and others cited did not believe that the Bakhtiar government was about to fall. I'm told that Kalb did not check with Powell before the 6:30 telecast and that Mudd accurately reported Powell's reaction on the 7 p.m. rerun. Henry Precht, the respected foreign service career officer who heads the staff dealing with Iran, was the only department official below the level of assistant secretary who was told to be at the meeting. This was taken at the department to signal the White House view that he was Kalb's leaker. Anybody familiar with foreign policy coverage would know that Marvin Kalb would not have relied upon any one person at Precht's level. Anyhow, here is the best account I've pulled together of Carter's meeting with the State Department people. If notes were taken, I don't know of them. The reporter must rely upon differing memories. The meeting lasted less than 15 minutes, and God knows that was more than enough.

Carter, tense and discernibly trying to contain himself and his anger, opened with a tribute to Secretary Vance. The President said he'd read up on all previous secretaries of state and Vance was the greatest. After saying this he said he'd called them in because he wanted to talk to them about a problem that he had. He said then with an intensity that burned into the memories of his hearers: YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF THE PROBLEM. The problem was that presidents always get conflicting advice; he did; they have to make choices, and people whose advice is rejected or about to be rejected might try to promote their ideas through the media. You folks (he said) are bright people, maybe some of the brightest in town. But you can't know everything. I understand that some of you go out on the cocktail circuit. I don't know anything about the cocktail circuit, but I can understand that some people might want to make themselves look more important than they are. I've been in this business long enough to know that the press doesn't just make these stories up. You're very good but I'm going to tell you that this leaking has got to stop and what I am going to do is this. If there are any leaks out of your area, wherever the area may be, I AM GOING TO FIRE YOU. Whether that's fair or not, and I can see where it might not seem to be fair, this has just got to stop. So, leaks from your area—YOU ARE FIRED! This said, he arose and left.

So far as I could determine from limited inquiry among the President's hearers, there were two differences of understanding of what he said. Was he cutting the throat of Cyrus Vance, sitting there and listening, silent but pulse visibly throbbing, in the presence of most of Vance's chief associates? Some thought yes, some no. Was he saying that their principal deputies would also be fired in event of further leaks? Some there thought that he implied but didn't say, he'd fire their deputies too.

One gathers from accounts of that meeting and from discussion with Carter assistants at the White House that he was objecting mainly to advance disclosures that bring into question policy decisions he has made or is about to make, or that profess to reveal decisions that he is said to have made but actually hasn't made. It's a fine line. All presidents must live with it and define it. Carter's dealing with and definition of it at the meeting with State Department officials was incredibly awkward and ineffective. With one exception, a sampling of reporters regularly covering the State Department indicated that it made no discernible difference in access to department officials. The exception is Marvin Kalb, surely among the best of them. For the moment, and understandably, department officials are wary of him.

The day following the State Department meeting, Carter met with Zbigniew Brzezinski and his senior staffers ("cluster leaders," they are horribly termed). The note struck by Carter with them was totally different. Would they *please* stop all this fussing with their State Department counterparts and do what they could to squelch the notion that there were serious policy differences between Cy Vance and Brzezinski? He, Carter, did not question their loyalty to him, their competence, their good faith. Just help him bridge the inevitable gap between him and the State Department slaveys with whom he couldn't have direct contact and with whom they dealt. It was well put, well intended. The effect of the two meetings was to widen the gap that Carter wanted to close. Neither Brzezinski nor anybody else from NSC was at Carter's meeting with Vance and his people. They were told at the White House to say nothing about the meeting or the discussion or who was there. At a diplomatic dinner the night of that day, Brzezinski gabbled to one of the chastised State department officials that he knew exactly who was there and why they were there. Soon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and also, the word spread at the Department that Carter had lavished upon Brzezinski and his assistants assurances of praise and trust that, Vance excepted, he did not express to the Department officials. Nuff sed.

Descending now from the messy to the sad—Billy Carter. He agreed Wednesday, February 7, to be the guest on CBS's "Face the Nation" Sunday program February 11. Becky Hendrix, chief imagist Gerald Rafshoon's principal secretary, called Joan Barone, associate producer of the program, on February 8 and told her Rafshoon was "very upset" and "disappointed" by the scheduling of Billy. Barone understood Rafshoon to say later that "frankly, he's not up to your standards." Rafshoon told me that he didn't mean Billy but the programming of Billy, a distinction that I fail to grasp. He and Jody Powell said that President Carter did not, as rumored, tell Billy to get off the program and that they didn't, either. "I wouldn't dare," CBS reported that Rafshoon told Barone. A Georgia lawyer representing Billy notified CBS on Saturday that Billy was scratching—on his advice, the lawyer said. Barone invited Rafshoon to replace Billy. Rafshoon declined.

Let's get to the gut of it, which requires being a little sentimental. Jimmy Carter loves his younger brother. Billy Carter loves and envies his older brother and feels that he, Billy, has never got the credit he deserves for holding the family peanut and farm businesses together while Jimmy was politicking. Jody Powell predicted in 1977, during President Carter's first return to Plains after his inauguration, that someday Billy would cease to be funny. Billy Carter has ceased to be funny.

John Osborne

Lévesque's cultural revolution makes secession less imminent.

Quebec's Success

Montreal

Whether or not Quebec will in time become separated from Canada under some formula of autonomy or sovereignty, the Québecois have already achieved an astounding degree of cultural identity as a French-speaking and French-thinking force in their huge province.

In this sense, the "Francophone" provincial government of Premier René Lévesque, elected by an unexpected margin in November 1976, has clearly scored an historic achievement; the clock cannot be turned back on it—no matter what constitutional rearrangements are made in Canada. For the first time since the British defeated the French armies on the Plains of Abraham atop the cliffs of Quebec City in 1759, the numerically overwhelming French majority in the province has freed itself from a colonial inferiority complex toward what had been the ruling English minority for over two centuries. Thinking of the epoch of "New France" that ended 220 years ago and the evolution of modern Canada, Lévesque now says that France and Canada are Quebec's "mother countries."

Still, my own impression is that Quebec secession is far from imminent—and this is the crucial political fact to emerge in the third year of Parti Québecois rule. Returning to Montreal this winter after an absence of six months, I found that while Quebec's leaders seem to be approaching the separationist issue with considerably less urgency than last year, they are increasingly more secure in terms of their French Quebecan indentity. This, in turn, makes the Lévesque regime more pragmatic and more politically flexible in its long-range dealings with the federal Canadian government in Ottawa. There is, I think, less emotion today and more hard-headedness.

Lévesque remains, of course, fully committed to his concept of a "Sovereignty-Association" status for Quebec in relation to the rest of Canada. It means, according to him, that Quebec would be a sovereign state with a seat in the United Nations, its own armed forces and, presumably, a distinct foreign policy. It would determine its own economic future. But it would be closely associated with Canada through monetary and customs unions and other cooperative devices. Quebec would not be economically viable without strong market links with federal Canada; Lévesque, who faces a 12 percent unemployment rate in the province and negative growth in private-sector investments (Quebec is currently losing capital) is keenly aware of it.

But it has become evident that even "Sovereignty-Association" is not for tomorrow. Economic realities, among other factors, have cooled the enthusiasm for an actual separation. Thus Lévesque continues to delay the date for the promised provincial referendum on a new status and to fudge the question to be asked of his electorate. The earliest date, he says, would be sometime this summer—after the national elections Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his Liberal party plan to call in June—but the referendum could be put off until the fall of 1980 (Lévesque himself must call provincial elections by November 1981, when his five-year mandate expires). The fate of Quebec-born Trudeau, who propounds the maintenance of Canadian unity and a policy of bilingualism in the country, is bound to affect Lévesque's actions as to the timing of the referendum. Trudeau's reelection, which requires a powerful Liberal vote in Quebec, would inevitably

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save a conservative $75 on history books this year.

If you love reading history books but hate what they cost these days—you'll love The History Book Club's trial offer.

To start with, you can take any three books shown or listed on this page for only $1 when you take the fourth at the low member's price.

How does this conservatively save you $75? Well, for example, if you choose the top four books pictured here (3 for $1, the fourth at low member's price) you'd save $67.50 off publishers' prices, right there.

Then during the year, you'd have a chance to buy other fine history books—from the more than 175 or so that the Club offers each month—in the same fine editions you find in bookstores. At savings of $3, $4, $5 and more off bookstore prices.

You need take only four more books within the coming year. And, at the usual member savings, it's easy to see how—in our example—you'd be hard pressed not to save $75, $80 or more in your first year alone.

But you don't have to accept our example. Shop this page. Look at the price comparisons. Figure out how you can save even more.

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

740. **History of Rome.** *By Michael Grant.* $17.50/**$11.50**

550. **The Early Greeks.** *By R.J. Hopper.* $25.00/**$13.00**

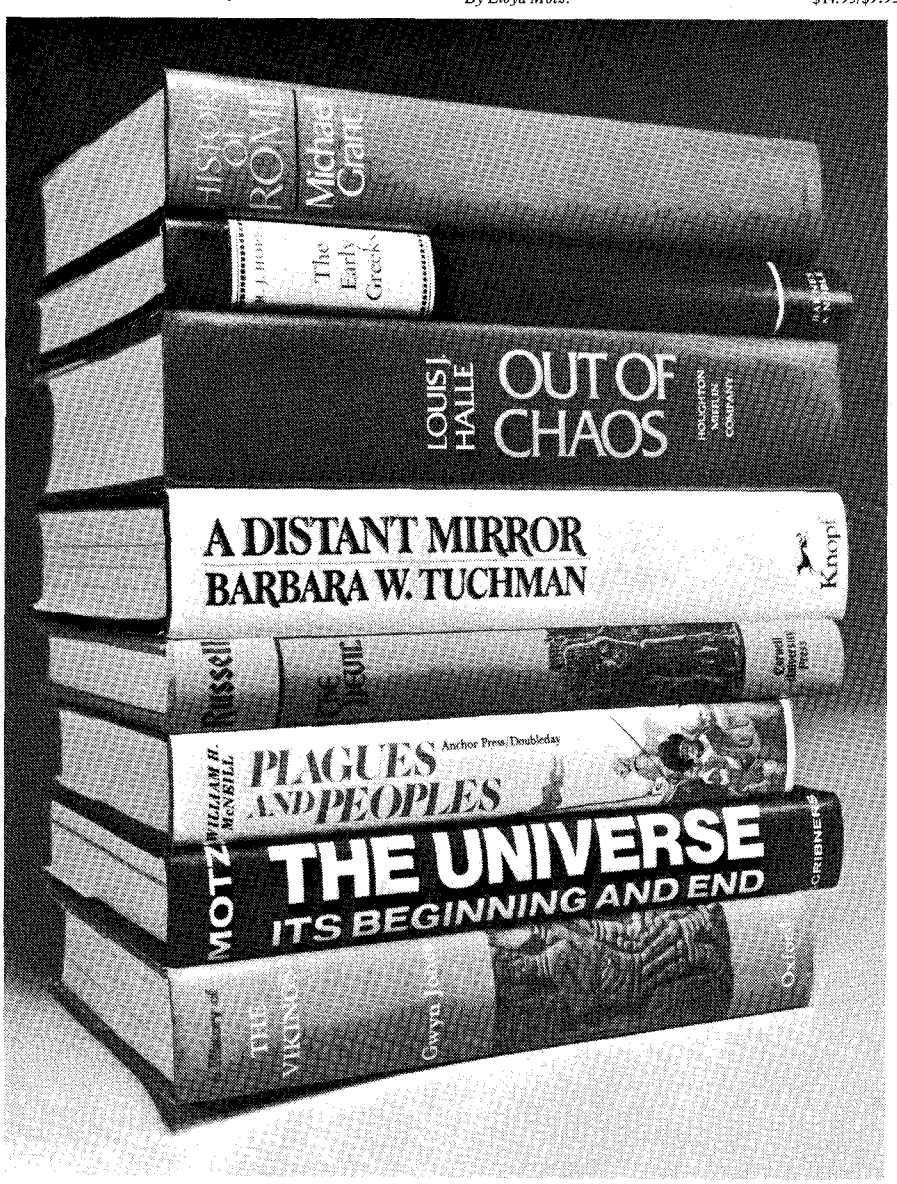
558. **Out of Chaos.** *By Louis J. Halle.* A grand sweep of history—of the universe, man, and his civilization. $20.00/**$12.95**

728. **A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century.** *By Barbara Tuchman.* A vivid reflection of life in the 14th century. $15.95/**$9.95**

667. **The Devil: Perceptions of Evil From Antiquity to Primitive Christianity.** *By J.B. Russell.* $15.00/**$9.95**

520. **Plagues and Peoples.** *By William H. McNeill.* Impact of diseases on civilizations from prehistory to the present. $10.00/**$7.75**

517. **The Universe: Its Beginning and End.** *By Lloyd Motz.* $14.95/**$9.95**



157. **A History of the Vikings.** *By Gwyn Jones.* $15.00/**$9.95**

274. **The Age of Arthur.** *By John Morris.* $17.50/**$11.95**

431. **The Phoenicians: The Purple Empire of the Ancient World.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $8.95/**$7.50**

464. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $12.50/**$8.75**

478. **China's Imperial Past: An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture.** *By Charles O. Hucker.* $17.50/**$11.95**

585. **The Samurai: A Military History.** *By S.R. Turnbull.* 2500 years of Japanese warfare. $17.95/**$11.95**

669. **Jefferson Davis.** *By Clement Eaton.* A biography of the president of the Confederacy. $12.50/**$8.50**

324. **Alexander the Great.** *By Robin Lane Fox.* $15.00/**$9.95**

650. **The War Lords: Military Commanders of the 20th Century.** *Ed. by Sir M. Carver.* $17.95/**$11.95**

739. **Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error.** *By Emmanuel LeRoy Ladurie.* A detailed study of the daily life of the village of Montaillou. $20.00/**$13.00**

732. **Germany: 1866-1945.** *By Gordon Craig.* An illuminating portrait of the volatile nation that incited two World Wars. $19.95/**$12.95**

762. **The Hundred Years War: The English in France, 1337-1453.** *By Desmond Seward.* $11.95/**$8.95**

707. **History of the Westward Movement.** *By Frederick Merk.* The great migration from Europe to California. $20.00/**$11.95**

708. **Man's Rise to Civilization: The Cultural Ascent of the Indians of North America.** *By Peter Farb.* $15.00/**$9.95**

705. **Daniel Webster.** *By Irving H. Bartlett.* A fascinating portrayal of an enigmatic man. $12.95/**$8.95**

S79A

Any three books for $1.
with trial membership

The History Book Club
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at $1 for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will buy four more selections within a year *(not counting my choices above)*, and then I may resign at any time. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NR-81C

Print name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

A note on how the Club works: A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low member's prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment. Every four weeks, (13 times a year) you will receive our Club magazine, the *Review*, with descriptions and evaluations of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, return the mailing card marked with your wishes by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

In Canada, mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario.

The History Book Club

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undercut separatism. As matters now stand, Lévesque is most unlikely to ask for a "Yes or No" decision on secession. The plan is to seek a green light for him from his constituents to negotiate a new status for Quebec.

At the conference of Canadian provincial premiers early in February, Lévesque, in fact, tended to play down outright separatism, seemingly implying that wide constitutional concessions to Quebec—forms of self-government in many areas—might keep the "Francophone" province in the union. This came shortly after a special government commission concluded that Canada must recognize Quebec's special character and needs—or risk eventual secession. Taken together, all these signs may add up to a search for a plausible compromise.

In other ways, too, Lévesque has been attempting to restore confidence in his government and policies. In a recent Washington appearance, the premier (who is as beautifully bilingual as Trudeau) kept insisting that Canada and Quebec would be "better partners" if they broke away from "obsolete conditions." At the same time, he busily reassured American businessmen about his moderation. He stressed how well the bonds of Hydro-Quebec, the superbly run provincial power company (which supplies northeastern United States), are faring on the New York money market. And he minimized the political impact of his government's plans to buy out an American-owned asbestos company. He wanted to negotiate the purchase, he said, not to nationalize the mines.

In one dimension, Lévesque's moderation on all fronts may be reflective of economic and political realities at home. The euphoria of 1976, for one thing, is already much less evident in Montreal, and this comes across even in private conversations with leading Parti Québecois politicians. It is a time for consolidation—and reflection.

The other dimension, however, is Lévesque's success with his "Quiet Revolution," which essentially is a cultural revolution. Making French the province's official language and accentuating the cultural values of Quebec's French heritage, the Quebec government has done away with much of the colonial complex of its inhabitants. In many areas—ranging from education to business—the official "Francization" has led to a new sense of pride among the Québecois. Meanwhile, the old seignioral rights of the English-speaking minority (20 percent in the province) are being eroded. Some "Anglophone" businesses have run away from Quebec—in part because Canada's center of economic gravity is shifting to Toronto, the financial capital, and to oil-rich Alberta—but most of them are adjusting to the new situation. Montreal, the country's transportation hub, is too important to be given up.

This psychological—and political—change in Quebec in the last two years or so has given Lévesque and his followers greater long-range leverage in their efforts to win special rights and concessions from Ottawa than the confrontational rhetoric of 1976. It was a major factor behind the conclusion presented earlier this year by the Task Force on Canadian Unity that Quebec's special character necessitates accommodation by other Canadians. No such conclusion had been reached on a high official level in the previous 220 years, although the Quebec problem had been festering for generations.

In sum, my own impression is that Lévesque has chalked up a remarkable victory for his cause simply by making Quebec heard through its "Quiet Revolution." The Quebec crisis is entering a new phase, a phase of evolution, forcing other Canadians to handle it with unprecedented seriousness. Montreal itself is gearing up for an economic recovery. All this is clearly to the good—not only for Quebec and Canada, but also for the United States, which has high stakes in North American unity and stability.

Tad Szulc

Next Week:

Expanded Spring Books Issue.

How the US can push Egypt and Israel that last inch toward agreement.

Back to Camp David

The Carter administration's strong support for "linkage" in the Middle East negotiations is as misguided and as doomed to failure as are its efforts to resist "linkage" regarding the SALT talks.

"Linkage" in the current Middle East talks has two different meanings. American insistence on the wrong kind of linkage is preventing success in the current negotiations between Egypt and Israel, which resumed at Camp David last week. One notion of linkage is that an Egyptian-Israeli treaty must accompany continued good faith efforts to negotiate a comprehensive settlement between Israel and all its neighbors. The second notion is that the Egyptian-Israeli treaty can only be sustained if there is simultaneous *success* in reaching agreement on a comprehensive settlement.

Since Camp David the American government has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veered between these two positions in a manner that suggests that it does not understand the difference. All sides agree privately that the remaining immediate disagreements between Egypt and Israel are not very important. The stumbling block is exactly this question of the relation between an Israeli-Egyptian peace and an overall settlement in the Middle East.

It has always been clear that the problems of peace between Israel and Egypt were much simpler than the territorial issues on the West Bank of the Jordan and the range of questions relating to national sovereignty, refugees and other complex issues that are grouped under the label "the Palestinian problem." The terms of the Egyptian-Israeli agreement were always known to both sides: Egypt would get all of the Sinai back in return for security guarantees to Israel and what has come to be called "real peace"—diplomatic relations, trade and free flow of people. The problem was to get Egypt to move without its Arab neighbors.

The Carter administration unintentionally played a key role in stirring Egypt to action. Setting aside Henry Kissinger's commitment to the Israelis not to press for a comprehensive settlement and to get Israel's agreement before opening discussions with Palestinians, the new administration brought the Soviet Union back into Middle East diplomacy and was moving toward a general peace conference at Geneva. This prospect dismayed both Sadat and Begin. They recognized that at such a conference the most radical Arab states, backed by the Soviet Union, would have a veto. The conference could only end up legitimizing the PLO as the sole representative of the Palestinians; but it could not succeed in reaching a settlement.

In a desperate effort to derail the American plan, the Israelis privately told the Egyptians that they could get all of their territory back if they were ready for peace. Sadat, equally anxious to avoid a Geneva conference, dramatically announced his plan to fly to Jerusalem. By the time he arrived the basic elements of the bilateral deal had been struck. The problem that remained and that still remains is how to prevent Sadat from being accused of selling out the interests of other Arabs.

From the start the American role in this process has been, to put it in the most restrained form, unhelpful. The Carter administration reacted to the planned visit of an Egyptian leader to Israel by announcing that the United States remained committed to a Geneva conference. American officials warned, as they still do, of the dangers of a separate peace and proclaimed the need for a comprehensive settlement. In summoning the leaders of Egypt and Israel to Camp David, President Carter still talked as if the goal was a reconvening of the Geneva conference. Some time during those days on the mountain, the American administration came to accept a new procedure for negotiating the future of the West Bank that would begin with efforts to establish autonomy for the Arabs on the West Bank. Yet the American government continues to speak and act as if it believes that a comprehensive settlement must accompany peace between Egypt and Israel. Because of this American position, Sadat has no choice but to press for assurances that the negotiations on West Bank autonomy will succeed. But it remains uncertain how he would respond to different American pressure.

The alternative to linkage, in the jargon of the Middle East peace efforts, is a "fig leaf." Many Israelis believed at first that Sadat didn't really care about a West Bank settlement but needed a fig leaf to cover his embarrassment at moving independently. Even if this was ever true, a fig leaf is no longer enough. We are committed to the Camp David framework. But there are two fundamentally different approaches consistent with what was agreed to at Camp David. Which one the United States takes will determine whether the new rounds of Middle East talks lead to peace between Egypt and Israel and a reduced chance of war in the Middle East, or to a breakdown in the negotiations, a lost historic opportunity and an increased risk of war.

The two choices are as follows:

(1) Press for a comprehensive Middle East settlement including a settlement of the Palestinian problems simultaneously with the implementation of the Egyptian-Israeli treaty.

(2)Press for the signing of the bilateral treaty and its full implementation while negotiations continue over setting up an autonomy structure on the West Bank and ultimately seeking an alternative procedure for settling the Palestinian issues.

The United States government, despite its claim to be an honest broker, is pushing the first option. This approach is doomed to failure. The Palestinian question is infinitely more complicated than the Egyptian-Israeli dispute. There is no consensus about the legitimate parties to the negotiations or on the range of issues to be negotiated. It's impossible even to conceive of settlement terms that could be negotiated in the next several years and that would reduce the likelihood of war.

A few simple facts illustrate the difficulty. Arabs controlled all of the land on the West Bank until 1967 and never created a Palestinian state. No Arab state wishes to see such a state created. The current Israeli government claims that all of the West Bank is part of Israel. The PLO, one claimant to be the negotiator on the other side (and one with wide support), claims all of Israel and all of Jordan. No conceivable Israeli government could yield any of Jerusalem, yet all of the Arab states and the United States insist that East Jerusalem must come under Arab rule. The security problems on the West Bank are enormous since most of the Israeli population lives close to territory claimed by the Arabs.

Neither Jordan nor any representative of the West Bank Arabs is willing to enter into the negotiations for autonomy on the West Bank as sketched in the Camp

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David agreements. Nor is there any reason for them to enter the negotiations as long as the Israeli government asserts sovereignty over the territory and is prepared for autonomy only as a substitute for independence. Nor will any conceivable level of American pressure change the position of the current Israeli government.

Even if the Israelis and the Egyptians agreed on conditions for elections on the West Bank, the PLO would have every incentive to disrupt the elections or the implementation of West Bank autonomy by creating incidents that would force reimposition of active Israeli military control of the Arab population. Moreover, the attacks on Sadat in the Arab world will be greater if he agrees to an autonomy plan denounced by the PLO than if he goes ahead with a bilateral treaty while negotiations about the West Bank continue. For the United States to insist that Egypt should not be expected to sign a bilateral treaty unless the autonomy negotiations succeed is thus an invitation for disaster.

The other approach to the Camp David "linkage" would be to urge Egypt to complete the bilateral treaty as long as Israel was negotiating in good faith to implement the agreement on the West Bank. The United States should argue that the West Bank negotiations have not come to fruition because of the refusal of Arabs on the West Bank to participate, and that Egypt will have met its obligation by getting Israel to agree to autonomy followed by negotiations on the future of the West Bank. The United States should point out that success in implementing the bilateral treaty increases the chances for a settlement of the West Bank issues.

As President Sadat recognizes, the Palestinian strategy has always depended on Egypt's willingness to shed blood on behalf of the Palestinians. Israel, free of the threat of war with Egypt, could maintain its other borders by military means, indefinitely if necessary. Real functioning peace between Israel and Egypt thus could bring to the fore leaders on the West Bank ready to negotiate their own real peace with Israel. If at the same time a Labor government prepared for substantial territorial concessions comes to power in Jerusalem, the conditions could be created for real negotiations.

If the American government was to adopt this position, Israel almost certainly could be persuaded to accept the specific symbol of linkage now blocking a peace treaty, namely the acceptance of a target date for autonomy elections on the West Bank. Israel's resistance to such a target date derives almost entirely from its recognition that the US intends to use that clause to press the Israelis very hard for more concessions on the West Bank. Faced with acceptance of his terms, Sadat would have no choice but to sign the treaty.

The United States would then have a year before the deadline for reaching agreement on the autonomy elections to persuade Sadat and moderate Arab states that the failure of the negotiations rests with the West Bank Arabs who refuse to participate and that Egypt should go forward with the bilateral treaty. If the Carter administration pursued that policy with the same fervor of its current efforts to promote a comprehensive settlement, there might be a chance of success.

Morton Halperin

Morton Halperin is currently director of the Center for National Security Studies in Washington, DC. His most recent book is *Top Secret* (New Republic Books).

It's time to call the farmers' bluff.

Welfare Tractors

by Stephen Chapman

The protesting farmers of the American Agricultural Movement who arrived in Washington in February to demand higher prices for their crops found themselves in a weak bargaining position. One reason is that after spending several weeks here last winter lobbying for higher government-guaranteed food prices, threatening to cut their production in half if they were denied (which they were), the farmers returned to their farms and planted as much as the government would allow. Thus their current demands lack both a credible threat to back them up and the moral authority that would have come from a demonstrated willingness to put their money where their mouths were. Another handicap was the Department of Agriculture's announcement in January that net farm income increased 40 percent last year. The farmers contrived to dissipate much of whatever good will lingered among capital residents by driving their tractors into the city during

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the morning rush hour, creating horrendous traffic jams that delayed some commuters for hours. Nor did it help that the nation's accelerating inflation reached an annual rate of 13 percent in January.

There also exists a growing suspicion, fed by the farmers' display of expensive tractors and mobile homes and by their extended residence at $50-a-night hotels, that they are no more noble or deserving than any of the other well-heeled supplicants who come to Washington seeking handouts. An article in *The Washington Post*, which tried to present the farmers' point of view on these matters, contained the following passage: "'I really don't want supports. I don't want welfare checks,' declared Joe Swanson, 33, a bearded, highly articulate grain and hog farmer from Windom, Kansas. 'All I want to see this country do is put a fair price on our agricultural commodities at the marketplace.'" Neither Mr. Swanson nor the sympathetic *Post* reporter, however, was articulate enough to explain how what the farmers want differs in any important sense from "welfare checks," except for being in larger amounts.

Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland observed on ABC-TV's "Good Morning, America" that some of the protesting farmers were motivated by nothing but "old-fashioned greed," a reasonable enough comment, but one he was forced to hedge the next day. As head of a department that has supplied elaborate subsidies and protections to the agricultural sector for more than half a century, Bergland has good reason to resent the claim that the federal government is doing too little for American farmers. No doubt it also rankles him to hear AAM portray its members as the last stronghold of traditional American self-reliance, when in fact farming probably has received more special government solicitude over the last 50 years than any other sector of the economy.

The Department of Agriculture is one of the biggest agencies in the federal government. It has 120,000 employees—four times as many as the State Department, nine times as many as the Labor Department. Its most important task is what the department calls "farm income stabilization"—cash subsidies to farmers. In 1977, these payments totaled $1.8 billion; they are expected to rise to five billion dollars in fiscal year 1979. These payments take two forms, both tied to commodity prices. The first is the price support program, which began in 1938. Technically this program does not provide direct payments, but only "nonrecourse loans." These loans work as follows. The USDA sets a "loan rate"; currently, for example, the rate for wheat is $2.35 per bushel. If a farmer doesn't want to sell his crop immediately after harvest, he may put it in a government storage program and receive a loan equal to the support price from the Commodity Credit Corporation. For example, if a farmer brings in 50,000 bushels of wheat, he would get a loan of $117,500. Normally he would do this only if the market price were below the loan rate, or if he expected the price to rise even higher. This arrangement is even better than having the government buy the wheat outright at the support price, because the farmer can't lose. If the market price doesn't rise, the farmer may default on the loan: he keeps the money and the government keeps his crop. If the market price rises, the farmer sells the wheat, repays the loan and keeps the difference.

The government's other price guarantee mechanism is the "target price" system. Right now the target price for wheat is $3.40 a bushel. If the price a farmer receives for his crop is below the target price, the government simply pays the farmer the difference in what it calls "deficiency payments." Thus a farmer selling in today's market at the prevailing price of $3.02 per bushel would get a payment of 38 cents for each bushel. If the market price were lower and the farmer chose to put his crop in the reserve instead of selling, he could receive both a nonrecourse loan of $2.35 per bushel and a payment of $1.05 per bushel—the difference between the loan rate and the target price. Under the current system, in other words, the government guarantees each wheat farmer that he will get at least $3.40 for every bushel he produces. In exchange, the farmer must put 20 percent of his land out of production; otherwise he isn't eligible for these benefits.

Non-farmers pay twice for these price-fixing mechanisms. As taxpayers, they finance the government payments (and "loans") to farmers. As consumers of food, they pay higher prices to farmers than the market would otherwise dictate.

The tractor protesters want the government to guarantee all farmers a price for their production set at 90 percent of "parity." The parity price is figured from a complicated formula calculating the purchasing power of a single unit of a commodity—a bushel of wheat, for example. At 100 percent of parity, one bushel of wheat would buy as much today as it did during the base period of 1910-14. The Agriculture Department long ago discarded the idea that parity is a reasonable measure of farmers' well-being. The fallacy lies with the huge gains in farm productivity since 1910. Producing 100 bushels of wheat today takes one-tenth as many man-hours and less than half as much land as it did in 1910. Farmers who get the parity price or anything close to it will earn much more in real terms than their counterpart of 70 years ago, simply because they can produce so much more.

Next Week:

Sears Shall Overcome:
Corporations Buy Into
the Civil Rights Movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Besides these two major price-fixing programs, the government offers farmers a rich variety of smaller special favors. The farm real estate loan program offers money for buying or developing land or refinancing a previous purchase. The "operating loan" program provides credit for seed, fertilizer, equipment and other ordinary operating expenses. In each the Farmers Home Administration guarantees payment of a loan by a private lending institution. If a farmer can't obtain such a loan privately, the FHA will lend the money directly. These two programs currently account for more than $1.6 billion in loans. Emergency loans offer credit to farmers who are hurt by natural disasters or bad economic conditions and can't get loans through commercial channels. Farmers whose operations are disrupted by hurricanes or earthquakes can get loans at five percent interest to cover actual losses. An emergency livestock loan fund of $1.5 billion was established in 1974 to help livestock producers through a period of low meat prices; because their prices since have risen to profitable levels, it probably will be allowed to expire this year. A similar four billion dollar program was set up last year for those farmers pinched by current low prices for wheat and feed grains.

Farmers also profited from a 1976 change in the law which made them eligible for disaster loans from the Small Business Administration. These loans were particularly attractive both because of the three percent interest rate and because the SBA has much looser rules on eligibility than the FHA. Farmers hit by a serious drought in 1977 swamped the SBA with loan applications. The result: Congress had to authorize $2.6 billion in SBA disaster loans, eight times the previously normal amount.

With an eye to keeping prices up, the Agriculture Department also restricts imports of some agricultural goods from abroad—principally beef and peanuts. The result is that US consumers pay much higher prices for these items than they otherwise would. The US also uses tariffs to discourage imports of peanuts, sugar and dairy products. These measures have had the intended effect. More than 99 percent of all peanuts consumed in the US are grown here. US prices for peanuts, sugar and nonperishable dairy goods run considerably higher than those on the world market.

What all these subsidies reveal is that the federal government's agricultural policies function precisely as a large-scale welfare program, transferring money from non-farmers—as taxpayers and consumers—to farmers. The American Agricultural Movement is eager to foster the perception that these programs help to preserve that great American institution, the small family farmer, the poorest of the farming population. In fact, as a rule, they do not. Only a tiny fraction of federal aid to farmers is aimed specifically at those farmers at the bottom of the income scale—some special (and small) loan programs, for example. Most other assistance programs nominally help all farmers, rich and poor, family and corporate. Most government payments go to the biggest farms. In 1977, 53 percent of government payments went to those farms with sales of $40,000 or more, which constitute only 19 percent of all farms. On these farms, the average family income was $31,957 per year—more than twice the national average. Those farms with sales under $10,000, which account for 58 percent of American farms, got only 14 percent of the payments.

Who pays for these subsidies? Both the various loans, which are pretty cheap, and the direct subsidies, which are very expensive, are paid for by the nation's taxpayers, most of whom earn less money than most of those they are subsidizing. The burden of the higher food costs caused by price supports is distributed even less fairly. These costs fall most heavily on the poor, who spend a disproportionate share of their income on necessities. Every increase in farm price supports means an even greater strain on those people who can least afford to sacrifice.

Government subsidy programs probably do more to discourage family farming than to encourage it. Technology has *not* made the family farm obsolete. In fact, a 1973 study by the USDA concluded that the most efficient farm is a one-man operation, and that the ideal size for such a farm ranged from 200 acres for a California vegetable farm to 1960 acres for a Montana wheat and barley farm. These farms provide the highest return under ordinary market conditions. But federal aid programs make efficiency a secondary consideration. If a farmer can count on a designated government price for his crop, it is profitable to expand, even if this actually means a higher cost of production.

These assorted programs have been enacted over the last 50 years with the ostensible aim of alleviating our chronic farm "problem"—which boils down to too much production at too low prices—and, more specifically, saving the family farm. What have they accomplished? They have aggravated the underlying problem of excess capacity in American agriculture by encouraging inefficient producers to stay in farming and by constantly stimulating production. The family farm, far from being endangered, appears to be thriving—not because of these programs, which tend to channel the biggest rewards to the biggest producers, but in spite of them. More than 90 percent of all US production comes from non-corporate farms. Of the corporate farms that do exist, roughly four-fifths are family corporations, generally set up merely for tax purposes.

All these subsidies don't mean that some farmers aren't in financial trouble. Many of the protesting farmers made bad investment decisions during the 1973-74 boom in grain prices. Having miscalculated, they naturally prefer that the taxpayer cover their losses. Many of them have suffered from stubbornly low prices. But the guaranteed prices they want would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

severely exacerbate the underlying malady—overproduction. The American Agriculture Movement's scare talk about saving the family farm to prevent giant corporations from taking over agriculture amounts to nothing more than fertilizer. There is no discernible movement away from family farms and toward large corporate enterprises. The government subsidies the American Agriculture Movement advocates would not discourage such a trend, even if it existed. The only difference between the farmers who have come to Washington demanding higher prices and the steel and aircraft manufacturers who troop up to Capitol Hill requesting subsidies and protection from imports is that the farmers don't wear pinstriped suits. Farmers are just one more set of beneficiaries of federal largess trying to protect and expand their cherished subsidies. It would serve no one's interest but theirs to give them what they want.

Mexicans relish their first chance to get even.

Montezuma's Real Revenge

by Stephen Kinzer

Mexico City

President Carter's 48-hour visit to Mexico—stretched out over three days to make it appear longer—came at a time of what seems, from the American perspective, to be a low point in US-Mexican relations. All of a sudden, we find on our southern border a blossoming world power, an assertive nation which has now added to its growing influence in the third world the discovery of vast oil and gas deposits that give it potential power over the industrial nations. Carter's visit makes the United States the 20th country to have sent a high-level delegation to Mexico in search of energy resources in recent months. The powers most anxious to compete with the US for a piece of this very rich pie include Japan, Sweden, West Germany, France and Brazil. But because of our 2000-mile border with Mexico and that country's historic antagonism to the US—antagonism which successive generations of Americans have chosen to ignore or to pretend not to comprehend—the US is having special problems in dealing with Mexico.

From the Mexican perspective, now is not at all a difficult period in US-Mexican relations. Instead, Mexicans now dare to predict that for the first time in their history, they will be able to deal with the US on an equal basis. The turnaround in American attitudes has been startlingly swift. The sight of an American president coming to Mexico City with hat in hand as the Mexicans sit back and reply only that they will put his name on their list of suitors could not have been contemplated a few years ago. Mexican President José Lopez Pórtillo, clearly aware of the high cards in his hand, offered Carter no substantial concessions during the two leaders' seven hours of private talks and agreed only to visit Washington for further discussions during the summer. Then he retired to his official residence at Los Pinos to prepare for his next guest, French President Giscard d'Estaing, who was due to arrive February 28 on a mission much like Carter's.

Before Carter left Washington, he and his aides took great pains to explain that no substantial breakthroughs were expected during his stay in Mexico. While it is obvious that his ultimate goal is to obtain Mexican oil and gas, Carter was quite correct in his assessment that before any purchase agreement can be concluded, a foundation of mutual respect must be established. The Mexicans have been seeking that foundation for generations, and have been repeatedly rebuffed and even ridiculed by Americans, whose foreign policy has traditionally lumped third world countries into an homogenous group to be kept under control from Washington.

"Mexico has suddenly found itself the center of American attention," Lopez Pórtillo told Carter in a dinner toast, "attention that is a surprising mixture of interest, disdain, and fear, much like the recurring vague fears you yourselves inspire in certain areas of our national subconscious." The Mexicans are acutely aware of the history of their relations with the "colossus of the north," much more so than Americans are. The discovery of energy reserves coincides with—and contributes to—a surge of nationalism in Mexico. Many Mexicans, not without logic, seem to feel that the

Stephen Kinzer writes often on Latin America for *TNR* and other publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purest and most historically valid way to manifest that nationalism would to be deny the Americans what they seek. The patriotic exhilaration Mexicans feel at the prospect of doing that is an important intangible factor in the present controversy. Mexicans specifically reject the concept of a "special relationship" with the US, considering it inevitably unequal, and they sense an historic opportunity to escape from the American orbit.

The Mexican government apparatus remains fundamentally pro-American. For example, Jorge Diaz Serrano, director of the government oil monopoly, is not only US-educated but ran an oil business in Texas before assuming his present post. But given the present mood south of the Rio Grande, no Mexican government could survive long if it was perceived as favoring American interests. So even if the regime is sympathetic to US needs, it must not give that impression.

A single political party, the Institutional Revolutionary party (PRI) has ruled Mexico for 50 years and considers itself the sole true heir to the ideals of the Mexican revolution. Thus newspapers, political speeches and even street names are full of the rhetoric of revolution, though the actual condition of the Mexican masses makes a mockery of this iconography. The discovery of valuable energy resources in Mexico gives the country's leaders an ideal opportunity to use again the rhetoric of "national sovereignty" and "total solidarity in the face of imperialist pressure." The temptation is too great to ignore.

If the 1977 US-Mexican agreement over natural gas purchases had been consummated, the emergence of Mexican energy resources as a worldwide issue might not have occurred at all. President Lopez Pórtillo and his administration, in negotiating the deal, were acting under the traditionally accepted ground rules of US-Mexican relations, and the entire deal probably could have been completed with a minimum of controversy within Mexico. But the US rejection of the deal, a move engineered by Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, touched a raw nerve in the Mexican body politic and has made it impossible for the Lopez Pórtillo administration to offer favorable terms to the US on this or any other matter.

Lopez Pórtillo's PRI entirely dominates the national political scene. Though Mexico considers itself a democracy, it can be judged as such only by the most tolerant definition. The PRI has three mass sectors through which it controls political life at every level: a union sector, a peasant sector and a small business / middle class sector. It administers a political machine and a government that are staggeringly corrupt, even by Latin American standards. This corruption includes not just the standard forms of subversion of independent labor unions, payoffs to journalists and opposition figures and universal bribe-taking. It extends to the very foundation of political life. Once the PRI selects a candidate for the puppet Congress, for a governorship, a local post, a judgeship or any other public office, that person is assured of a job for life—or as long as he remains loyal. The only route for political advancement in Mexico is through the PRI. In the most bizarre caricature of democracy, the president selects his own successor, with the help of party leaders and the business figures who support them.

Once the presidential candidate is selected, there follows a "campaign," but since the lucky man is guaranteed victory, it amounts more to a massive public relations effort subsidized by government funds, business contributions and money from unions and peasant organizations that are under the tight control of the party. After the formality of an "election," the president becomes the nation's supreme ruler, subject in practice to no restraint whatsoever from either the legislative or the judicial branch. His only limitation is his ineligibility for reelection after a single six-year term. This is a legacy of the revolutionary era when "no reelection" was a rallying cry of the rebellion against Porfirio Diaz.

An instructive case study in Mexican politics is that of Heberto Castillo, a respected engineer and former university professor who is one of the remarkably few political activists in Mexico who have refused to be co-opted by the PRI. During the 1960s, Castillo became swept up in the movements for liberalization of Mexican politics, then being fueled by heavy political repression administered by President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz. As the number of political arrests grew, students and others staged protest demonstrations throughout the country. Despite anonymous threats, Castillo addressed a large anti-government rally on August 27, 1968, in Mexico City. The next day he was attacked and badly beaten outside his home.

After five days in a hospital, Castillo had to flee when soldiers came looking for him. He lived clandestinely for nine months until his capture, and then spent two years in jail without being tried. In jail, Castillo met labor leader Demetrio Vallejo, who was serving 11 years for organizing a wildcat railroad strike. The two decided to start a political party, the Mexican Workers' party (PMT). After their release, they began traveling the country trying to organize it. In 1973, Castillo was again severely beaten for speaking out against corruption in the labor movement. Soon after his beating, he was invited to dinner with President Luis Echeverria, whose aides offered to register his party officially so it could appear on the ballot and to support it with unlimited funds, in exchange for his covert cooperation with the PRI. Unlike leaders of most other parties, Castillo refused, and is still organizing the PMT today. Thus Castillo has experienced the two main weapons of the PRI: intimidation and co-optation.

The Castillo case illustrates the stifling influence of the PRI in every aspect of Mexican life and leads to a question that should preoccupy American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policymakers as they consider the future of US-Mexican relations: how stable is Mexico? Because of the PRI's iron-fisted control over the country for half a century, many people assume it will run Mexico forever. But already there is counterevidence. The odds of continued stability under the essentially pro-American PRI for the rest of this century are probably less than 50-50.

Few Mexicans doubt that Lopez Pórtillo will be able to select his successor and that the PRI will remain in power after Pórtillo leaves office in 1982. But veterans of Mexican politics begin to be uncertain when asked whether Lopez Pórtillo's successor will finish his term unmolested by popular protest or—more likely, given the PRI's grass-roots power—intervention from the military. Mexico's military forces are pampered by the PRI and remain divided and weak (drill sergeants in the US still scream at their recruits, "You guys look like the Mexican Army!"), but they are rapidly growing in sophistication. Some specialists believe that because of the nationalist tradition of the military, which traces its legitimacy back to the revolutionary armies of the early 1900s, it may well be the instrument by which the Mexicans finally say "enough!" to the PRI. Whether the military nationalism would be leftist or reactionary in character is hard to predict.

Oil is tangible evidence of Mexico's growing power and of the choices that confront the country. The PRI's public position is militant, but few independent observers doubt that Lopez Pórtillo would like to make a deal with the Americans. His insistence on constructing a gas pipeline 1200 miles from the gas fields to a point near the US border indicates his ultimate hopes in that direction. Some opponents fear that such a pipeline could become "Mexico's Panama Canal" and might invite US military intervention to "protect" our energy sources in the event of political turmoil. These critics, including Herberto Vastillo, urged the construction instead of a 70-mile pipeline from the gas fields to the Gulf of Mexico, from which the gas could be shipped to the highest bidder.

Within the liberal opposition to Lopez Pórtillo, there are two schools of thought about what to do with the nation's energy resources. Castillo and other disciples of Lazaro Cardenas, the late Mexican president who nationalized the energy industry in 1938, want the country to retain most of the fossil fuel for its own development. They point to economic studies showing that the new wealth pouring into Mexico from oil and gas will increase, rather than reduce, the gap between rich and poor in Mexico. Most of the "petrodollars," they fear, will wind up back in the US in the form of private investments and purchases of American products. Another group, led by a faction of intellectuals in the Mexican Communist party, argues that the Mexican energy resources are worth more in the world market today than they will be after alternate sources are developed. Therefore, they argue, Mexico should market its oil and gas, but guarantee that the income be used to transform the Mexican economy into a labor-intensive structure that could genuinely improve the lot of the millions of Mexicans whose fate today is only continued misery and degradation. Such a policy, of course, could never be implemented as long as the PRI is in power.

Rising Mexican nationalism also can be seen in the dramatic shift of public opinion here about the Mexicans who illegally cross the US border in search of work. In the past, Mexicans in Mexico have psychologically separated themselves from the *braceros*, whom they viewed as having opted out of their homeland. But within the last few years, Mexicans have come to feel a growing solidarity with the uncounted millions of their compatriots who cross the Rio Grande in search of what Lopez Pórtillo has taken to calling "a basic human right—the right to work." Any serious American effort to deport illegal aliens or to restrict their future entry into the United States will increase the rising anti-Americanism in Mexico. President Carter is well aware of this sentiment, and his advisers spoke during his visit of the need to consider energy, immigration and other issues like bilateral trade as a "package" in negotiating with the Mexicans. Right now the Carter administration seems not to have a clue about what should be the specific parts of that package. In particular, Mexicans who would like to excuse Carter find it incomprehensible that he continues to rely on Schlesinger for advice on energy after the colossal blunder the energy secretary engineered last year in rejecting the generous natural gas deal offered by Lopez Pórtillo. Though Schlesinger was wisely left at home during the presidential visit to Mexico, he already is probably the best-known American in Mexico after Carter himself (and, maybe, Edward Kennedy).

Substantial oil reserves are likely to be discovered in other Latin American countries, perhaps Guatemala, Belize or Peru, as well as in developing nations in Asia or Africa. By some estimates, only one percent of the possible oil deposits in the world have been explored. The same holds true for other strategic natural resources. For years, nationalists in many developing countries have fumed about the way the US treats them, as exemplified most clearly by Henry Kissinger's cavalier attitude toward the third world except in times of crisis, when he inevitably sided with causes unpopular among the local population. For years and even for generations, popular forces in these countries have looked for a chance to strike back at the US and, in some cases, at the developed world in general. The convergence of these two factors—rising nationalist sentiment and increased discovery and production of strategic resources—has created the present crisis in Mexican-American relations, which likely will become a familiar pattern in the decades ahead.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the biggest gold strikes since Sutter's Mill.

The yield: 3,000 pounds of pure gold.

But it didn't come from a mine. It came from a Western Electric factory.

A new kind of Midas Touch

That's where Western Electric's new process for plating gold is *conserving* the precious metal, through increased efficiency and precision. It's producing better switching components for the Bell System, to make your phone service clearer and more reliable than ever.

It must be gold that's plated to the switching components you see glittering in the photograph, because no other metal can provide the same kind of efficient, reliable, durable, and clear telephone transmission.

But until now, gold-plating had always been a messy and imprecise process. There had been no way to control it accurately. No way to avoid depositing excess gold on the places it was intended to go. And on the places it wasn't.

So Western Electric, working with Bell Labs, designed a totally new system to do the job. Combining the best of electro-chemical and programmed logic control technologies, the new system can plate gold with hair-thin precision. Depositing only the desired amount, only on the designated spot. With no waste whatsoever.

Gilt-edged savings

Besides producing a much better product, Western Electric has mined a savings of $9 million from the process. And that's another way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your phone service.

Even bigger benefits

And since the new process uses 55% less gold than the old one, we could more than double production of our improved switching component. Without consuming any more of the shiny natural resource.

But there are more environmental plusses. The new process has almost completely eliminated the gaseous wastes plating used to produce. It's cut the liquid wastes by 90%. And it runs on 67% less power.

This improved gold-plating technique is another way Western Electric is working to hold down the cost, while continually raising the quality of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Disappearances

George C. Scott is kidding around. On screen, anyway. In his last stage appearance—*Sly Fox*, a greasy version of *Volpone*—he was at least vigorous, bursting with husky comic energy. But a few months ago he wafted through *Movie Movie*, a one-film double feature parody of a 1930s boxing picture and a backstage picture, full of "in" jokes that must have wowed them in the film schools. Scott played a fight manager and a Broadway producer: he distinguished between the roles by wearing no hairpiece and chewing a cigar in the first, by wearing a wig and carrying no stogie in the second.

In *Hardcore* (Columbia) Scott does more and is worse. He serves up a lot of factitious Nice Guy moments as build-ups for and interludes between his Scottian outbursts. It's like a lazy ballet dancer saving style and strength for the *grands jetés*. Scott tips his hand, literally, in the very first scene. At a family gathering he's talking casually to another man, and as they part, he pats the man's arm with an unnecessary fillip. It's a tiny move, but it's false, histrionic, and signals us that Scott is Acting, laying down bonhomie as a launching pad for emotional takeoff.

He has three such takeoffs in the film, two of them physical. (I'm not questioning Scott's talent, which is proved, but his lolling around on it.) It's as if the director said, "OK, George, these are the moments we hired you for." Because the foundation is false, the explosions are false. Worse, the physical assaults are *really* movie-movie. A businessman suddenly begins to behave like Clint Eastwood.

Scott's phoniness is matched by, maybe grows from, the phoniness of the script. Paul Schrader, who wrote and directed it, did the same for *Blue Collar* (*TNR*, February 11, 1978), which was faulty in structure but had an honest engagement with its milieu, the world of the auto worker. That honesty was new for Schrader: behind him were such blatant and less blatant fabrications as *The Yakuza* and *Taxi Driver*. Now his honesty has slipped again. His protagonist is a man from Grand Rapids, Michigan, a devout member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which is strong there. This is Schrader's own background. (And it's one I have a fleeting acquaintance with. In the early 1960s I lectured at Schrader's alma mater, Calvin College, and I was told that my appearance there was a daring venture for them. Films had not been previously permitted on campus, and I was the first person invited to speak on the subject.) But the hero's background, certainly valid though it is, is itself only a launching pad for the less credible.

His daughter goes with a group of teenagers to a church convention in California. There she disappears. Police and a private detective cannot find her, but in a few months the detective discovers a hardcore porno film with the girl in it. It's the viewing of that film that gives Scott his first big moment, but we're so set up for it and he does it with such a pat deployment of Scott mannerisms, rather than with any fresh searching of the experience, that it's not nearly as horrible—as complexly horrible—as it ought to be.

Scott goes to Los Angeles himself to take up the hunt, soon changes out of his square rig into swingy clothes, and plunges into the world of commercial sex. After he descends through several circles of this inferno—often lighted to suggest exactly that—he finds her: and persuades her to come home with him.

Not before leaving us with some questions. Why did his daughter, as she says at the end, hate him and run away for that reason? Our brief glimpses of them together at the start give no such hint, nor do any of her scenes with her church friends. We are told later that he is a cool man—which, presumably, is why his wife left him—but we are only *told* it: it's characterization by dossier, not by drama. The man we see in action is nothing like a tyrannical father or an uncaring human. Still, if the girl thinks that of him, then why does she abruptly change her mind at last and go meekly home with him? And if Scott was smart enough to build up a good business, how could he be stupid enough to begin his search as he does? And if he is a square Calvinist Michigan businessman, how does he slide so easily into the clothes and style of the porno world? Finally and chiefly, what's the point of it all? The whole film. What *happens* to this man, in any experiential, dramatic sense, through this search?

Since no answers to these questions are forthcoming, we're left feeling that the picture was made solely because of its clever premise: a father searching for a daughter who is making porno films. *Hardcore* is nothing more than an exploitation flick: exploitative of paternal secrets and of the sex-sales world, of the psyche and the massage parlor. In 1975 the New York Film Festival showed a French film called *Exhibition* which pretended to be a documentary of the life of a porno star but was really just a means of smuggling porno scenes into "respectable" environments. *Hardcore* is not as explicit, but it's in the same league.

In the early wintry Grand Rapids sequences, the cinematographer Michael Chapman shoots some good hard postcards, and Schrader uses them in the same sub-Antonioni way with which he began *Blue Collar*. After that, it's undistinction all the way.

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Still incomparably the best film around. Ingrid Bergman (mother), Liv Ullmann (daughter), and Ingmar Bergman (master).

The Deer Hunter. Male bonding at home and in Vietnam. Serious though unfocused. Some good direction, much excellent acting.

The French Connection. Lino Ventura quietly dominates this police-and-politics thriller. Enjoyable.

Max Havelaar. Dutch film about Dutch rule in Indonesia 125 years ago. Cardboard characters, conventional story, but doesn't drag because it's well made and performed.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In December 1926 Agatha Christie disappeared for 11 days, and the disappearance was never satisfactorily explained during her lifetime. Now the writers Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft give an imaginary answer in *Agatha* (Warner Bros.). What happened, they say, is that Christie got involved with a man 12 inches shorter than herself.

Agatha is about as tenuous as a picture with Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman can be, but it has one moment that may live in the annals of film art. At her door one night, Redgrave kisses Hoffman, their only kiss in the picture. She *bends down* and kisses him; seriously; on the mouth. She swoops and takes him, and he, thoroughly male in all of his short being, stands and receives her. It's Leda and the swan in reverse: this time the swooping swan is the female. I can't think of a previous screen kiss that cuts so distinctly against screen convention. (How carefully short actors like Alan Ladd and James Cagney were handled so that they could dominate women.)

The story is a concoction about an utterly incredible revenge that Christie wants to take on her then husband because of his infidelity. In the course of it, she meets and tangles with a snappy American newspaper columnist working in England. The best thing that can be said about Redgrave's performance is that her face and figure once again seem designed for the period of the film—which is true in every film and play she does. Hoffman plays with point and swagger and complete clarity. (Much publicity, recently, about his belated dubbing of some inaudible lines.)

As for the filming itself, I've rarely seen so ludicrous an instance of a cinematographer drowning everything in sight. Vittorio Storaro, the visual upholsterer of several Bertolucci films, seems to have overwhelmed the director (a young Englishman named Michael Apted fresh from TV), who seems just to have taken chic command. Storaro's eye, which is that of a smart window-dresser *in excelsis*, stubbornly disregards the setting and mood of every scene. See, for example, a publisher's luncheon in a London club which seems to be taking place deep in an aquarium lined with velour.

John Canaday on art

American art museums have been taking an awful beating during the last couple of months from critics who have caught on at last to something that was apparent 10 years ago, which is that the laudable effort to make our museums instruments of public education rather than elitist liaisons between aesthetes and millionaires has backfired. Populism has become Barnumism, with the disgraceful spectacle of the King Tut exhibition setting records as the biggest sideshow on earth. I am using the vulgarism "King Tut" instead of the proper Tutankhamen because only a vulgar term is appropriate under the circumstances. Barnum would have traded Tom Thumb for the Boy King any day, and would have been shrewd enough to recognize that the Tut show's nominal connection with culture would have been worth an extra 50 cents per head at the gate.

Karl E. Meyer is one journalist who realized years ago what this unhappy revolution was all about. From what I have read in the public press lately, it sounds as if our most eminent critics have taken advantage of advance review copies of his latest book, *The Art Museum: Power, Money, Ethics* (Morrow; $15), which has a publication date of February 22. Mr. Meyer's report (under the sponsorship of the Twentieth Century Fund), after a brief historical introduction, is largely concerned with the last 25 years or so, concluding with the early days of the King Tut show, although the appalling circus now taking place at the Metropolitan Museum had not yet shown how bad things were going to get.

Let me say immediately that this book is an absolutely A-1 analysis of how our museums were transformed into public playgrounds—how they got that way and why it was that once on the cultural skids, they had to keep skidding in order to stay open at all. If you have been a follower of the news of the art world from the time when Thomas Hoving was Barnuming up the scene as Mayor John Lindsay's Parks Commissioner (with an eye on his boss's job) until his resignation/discharge as director of the Metropolitan following the Annenberg fiasco (the single instance in which the ebullient Hoving outsmarted himself)—you may think you know the story in at least its New York aspects. But I followed that story during those years as a combination critic and reporter for *The New York Times*, and never felt for a moment that Mr. Meyer's book was old news warmed over. Rather, I found that half-faded events were freshened with details I had quite forgotten plus some that I had never managed to ferret out for myself.

It is a good story, full of chicane, delusions, ruinous ambition, murderous rivalries, political maneuvering and ego trips in high places, all in the service of a form of inoperable cultural cancer peculiar to this country since the mid-19th century but malignant only within the last 25 or 30 years. Not that Mr. Meyer tells it in terms as strong as those I have just used. He specifically avoids "gratuitous forays into that treacherous, vendetta-ridden swamp in which scholars and critics exchange sniper shots about the true nature of art." But there is no question as to how he feels about the state of things. He deplores what has happened, but is careful to serve as devil's advocate in sticking to the facts on both sides. Thomas Hoving is the most vulnerable (if also most insouciant) figure in all museum history, but Mr. Meyer gives him credit where due, and the sum is large, even if briefly stated.

The crux of the book is its third chapter, "New York, New York," and the crux of that chapter is the subsection of only eight pages called "Three Directors,"—Francis Henry Taylor, who, in contradiction to his own patrician origin and manner of life, first conceived of transforming the "somnolent" Metropolitan Museum into an instrument of popular education; James J. Rorimer, whose major goal was the acquisition of masterpieces at any cost, with the result that our museums became deranged barometers in an hysterical art market; and Thomas Hoving, with all that followed. If we keep coming back to Hoving, and if the book keeps coming back to him, it is because no other figure approaches him as the catalyst of a situation where so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many elements making up the current art scene suddenly fused—or exploded, depending on how you look at it. If fused, the situation today represents the consummation of the goal of populism by which everybody goes to art museums all the time. If exploded, then the shattering truth is that the enjoyment, the appreciation, the understanding, of art has very little to do with record museum attendance.

What I have said here gives little idea of the range of Mr. Meyer's analysis, which includes the director-trustee relationship, the nature and responsibility of government subsidies, the "megamuseum" idea, the ethics of selling from museum collections and the cultivation of potential donors, and some case histories of disastrous museum appointments. I suppose it is out of the range of the book, but I missed only one aspect of the current scene that to some extent modifies its horror. There are a few museums that seem to have been immune to the virus. The magnificent Cleveland Museum of Art is mentioned, but without much recognition of the brilliance of its acquisitions policy, the relative self-effacement of its high position, and the caliber of its scholarly exhibitions, none of them blockbusters, and all superb.

In the case of the Cleveland Museum there is a double explanation as to why a visit there is still a visit to a sanctuary where great works of art can be enjoyed without a periscope and the protective gear of a professional football player: first, an exceptional endowment has been sagaciously administered by an exceptional director, Sherman Lee, and second, Cleveland is a city where a curiously apathetic public is hardly aware of what a treasure it has in its museum. An even better exception to the rule would be the Walters Gallery in Baltimore, with its static collection of wide range and superb quality, where the occasional temporary exhibitions are smallish, unspectacular, beautiful and enlightening. You can run any number of public school children through the Cleveland Museum and the Walters Gallery—Cleveland even has an impressive Educational Wing—but these remain elitist institutions, and the happiest thing I can think of in recent developments is that "elitist" has ceased to be a dirty word and "populist" is becoming one. If this makes me a snob, it's all right with me.

On the bright side of the picture there are also quiet museums of smaller range than Cleveland and the Walters—among them Washington's wonderful Phillips Collection, the Clark Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, and the Worcester (Massachusetts) Museum, the haven from which the Metropolitan recruited Frances Henry Taylor and to which he returned after setting the Metropolitan on its populist course. On a very much smaller scale there are the university museums—a fine collection at Smith College is one instance, and the impressive Fogg Museum at Harvard, the antithesis of Barnumism, is another. The hope for American art museums lies in the normal growth of such institutions, but unless they have a patron Croesus like Yale's Paul Mellon, they are stymied right now by the inflated prices that blockbuster policies have brought to the art market.

Do you remember the story that in order to get the crowds out of his museum, Barnum posted a large sign, "THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS"? There must be some way out for our art museums in their present dilemma. If Karl Meyer's book doesn't discover one, it does give an indisputably documented picture of an appalling situation. A wonderful idea would be to issue a free ticket to the King Tut show to anyone who would sign a pledge to read this book.

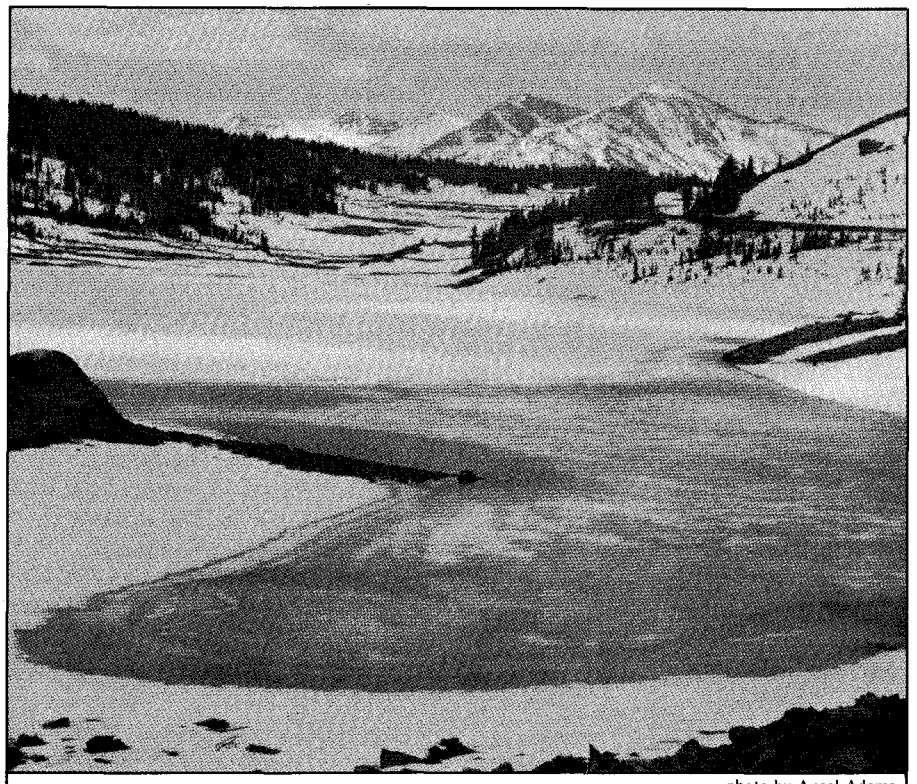


photo by Ansel Adams

Polaroid Land Photography by Ansel Adams

(New York Graphic Society; $17.50)

This is no ordinary how-to book. Elegantly produced and eloquently written, it is an informative introduction to the Polaroid Land process of "one-step photography" for the serious amateur and professional photographer. "The process has revolutionized the art and craft of photography," Adams says, not just multiplied the pleasures of quick-fingered snapshooters. Images seen and snapped can be immediately reproduced; thus the initial creative act of visualization can be judged promptly, and then refined. Adams also emphasizes craftsmanship, the mastery of methods of communicating a visual and emotional experience through a photograph. He treats in turn films, equipment and basic photographic techniques, and communicates throughout his devotion to the art of photography. He concludes with several chapters by other photographers who share their specialized interests in the Polaroid Land process. Photographs—by Adams himself and other leading photographers—appear on nearly every page.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doris Kearns: the art of biography

The Power and Pathos of LBJ

I decided to write a study of Lyndon Johnson after having known him for a period of three years, first on the White House staff, followed by two more intermittently visiting his ranch. Initially, my feelings toward Johnson were a troubled mix of admiration and bitterness, affection and even fear. On the one hand his sheer power—and he still remains the most compelling individual I have ever met—utterly fascinated me. There was a strange texture to the mere act of standing next to him; it seemed as if he were violating the physical space of those around him by closing in—clasping and even hugging tightly. People felt they had no private space left in Johnson's presence.

The other side of that fascination was fright. For the very compulsion involved in the exercise of large power, the bending of other people's wills to his, was a frightening thing to observe. His associates often worried themselves sick about entering his office, worried that he would deride their work. I heard real fear in their voices and saw it on their faces. Lyndon Johnson made you feel larger at first, because he paid so much attention to you, almost as though he were courting. And he did that with everybody, man or woman alike, until he had won them. And then, almost as if these were all passing high school romances, people's feelings suddenly became of little interest to him. You felt diminished rather than enlarged as a result of being with him.

When I knew him, during the last five years of his life, that peculiar power of personality was coupled with a visible and growing vulnerability. And in that stage of his life, particularly after he retired to the ranch, he shared with me a side of himself that he had not shared with many before: his longings, his private thoughts, his memories, his dreams. As I began to write, I had to learn how to distance myself in order to describe both his ruthless power while tempering my own angry reaction to it and his vulnerability without allowing my sympathy for it to overly soften my portrait.

My original angle of vision toward Johnson was also shaped, as a biographer's always is, by my training. I came to my material as a political scientist. My organizing questions revolved around leadership and government: what made Johnson's one-to-one-bargaining, his superb behind-the-scenes leadership, so suitable for the world of the 1950s, so faltering in the 1960s—the world of television, civil wars in Asia, and a civil rights movement at home? The confounding of Johnson's leadership in the 1960s mirrored the larger confusion of the American dream. Thus the title of my book.

In retrospect, however, though the plot I perceived from that original angle of vision worked to some extent, to a much larger extent the real story, the human truth, was something different, something I never fully understood as I was writing the biography, and only came to see afterward. The real story was that of the gradual destruction of a giant of a man, forced to witness the smashing of his hopes for greatness, living his last years removed from all real power, the only source of energy he had ever known. Having been so obsessive about the pursuit of power for so many years, he had no other purpose. So he had to invent an imitation power. He was so used to staff meetings each morning with men from Capitol Hill, or with cabinet officials and White House aides, that he had to imitate those sessions back on the ranch. He would call conferences to decide which fields should be plowed at what time, which cows should be given what medicine, and which tractors would be fixed when. He would force his field hands to write out assignments so that he could check up on them in the afternoon. He demanded detailed reports on how many eggs had been laid at the ranch that day, how many postcards had been sold at the LBJ Birth House, and how many people had entered the LBJ Library.

Yet, when all the reports were put aside, as he fell asleep and when he awakened, increasingly this lonely man would ask of his years near and at the pinnacle of power: was it really worth it? The American people he had tried all his life to do something for, he worried, no longer appreciated him. Indeed the young for whom he had cared so much seemed to hate him. All of this cut him to the quick; it also cut to the very nature of the presidency, and perhaps to the pursuit of success in any field. The real question, the one I wished I had asked from the start—was whether the effort required to reach the top so distorts most personalities that they lose the human qualities necessary to a proportionate exercise of power.

II

The angle of vision I have been describing thus far is the one that focuses on the subject himself. I would like to turn now to those other shifting angles of vision through which a biographer perceives and evaluates his or her materials.

Here, as elsewhere, politicians present special problems to the biographer. Though they leave behind hundreds of reams of words, we can never be sure which ones are theirs, or exactly what their words mean. It is a politician's occupational hazard that effect comes to matter more than literal truth. What counts most is how their audiences react. Politicians tend to regard words as verbal and temporary, rather than written and permanent. Articulation, not analysis, is the coin of their kingdom.

This lesson was painfully driven home to me when, after listening to Johnson's proud description of his great-great-grandfather's heroic death at the Battle of San Jacinto, in Texas, I discovered that the grandfather had never even been at the battle. He was a real estate trader and had died at home in bed. But Johnson wanted an heroic relative so badly that he simply created the tale, and after retelling it dozens of times, the grandfather really came to exist in his mind.

So the powers of direct observation, as vivid as they might be, both in the White House and at the LBJ ranch, had to be balanced by a recognition of what Johnson was trying to convey and why. That meant checking everything, not just for its truth, but for the particular form in which it was expressed at a given time and how that rendition might reveal more about the continuing development of his character.

This essay was originally presented as a lecture at a symposium on the art of biography hosted by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington on November 13 and 14, 1978. A fuller version of the essay will appear in *Telling Lives: The Biographer's Art*, edited by Marc Pachter, which is to be published by New Republic Books in May.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

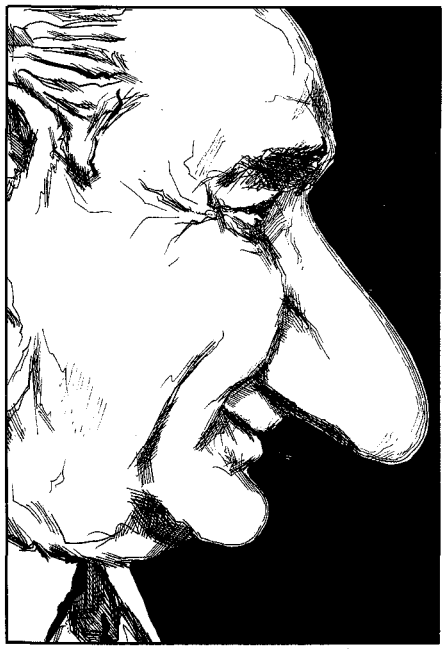
A second source of materials—interviews with associates—presents a different kind of problem. The Johnson biography and the biography of the Kennedy family on which I am now working provide contrasting examples of the problem. President Johnson's associates tend to be critical, while President Kennedy's are admiring. The central figures in the Johnson circle seem to be trying to break free of the intimacy and the fusion they experienced with Johnson, trying to prove that they deserve their liberty by criticizing their former master. One first saw this passage to freedom in George Reedy's book, *The Twilight of the Presidency*; one saw it later in Hubert Humphrey's memoirs. On the other hand, few of the Kennedy associates were ever as intimate with him as the Johnson associates were with Johnson. Kennedy tended to separate his social and political friends far more sharply than Johnson did. The Kennedy men, in my judgment, are often seeking through the written word to establish bonds they never had to the president. Their admiring works become a rite of passage to a Camelot that never really existed for them.

What of memoirs? Watching the creation of Lyndon Johnson's memoirs on what was virtually a literary assembly line, I learned how inauthentic memoirs can be, unless one understands the stage of life at which they are written, why they are being written at that time, and what audience they aim to please.

At first, Johnson expressed the hope that his book would live on in history. This quickly yielded to the immediate necessity of proving that his critics had wronged him, especially about Vietnam. Like other presidents in their memoirs, he wanted to help history along toward vindicating him. But unlike them, he wanted vindication all at once.

Still, the memoirs might have been a vital book if they had been written in Johnson's own tongue. For his language was colorful, metaphorical, fascinating. But his book was stilted, formal, bureaucratic and tedious. He felt he had to write like a statesman; had to speak like a "Harvard," as he would put it; had to drain the color from his life in order to give it the appropriate dignity. I worked on two chapters of the memoirs, one on economics and one on civil rights, honing his accounts as I had heard them from him. When he read them, he turned red in the face. "Are you serious?" he asked incredulously. "Do you think you're going to have me saying these awful words in front of all those people of the United States? What will they think?" I had recounted, for example, his wonderful description of Wilbur Mills as a cautious politician, who would never let anything come out of his Ways and Means Committee unless he was certain that it would pass the House. Johnson had said, "He is always so concerned about saving his face, that someday that man will fall on his ass."

Little did he know how prescient he would have seemed had he just left that prediction in his memoirs. But when he read the passage, he got angry: "Don't you dare put such things in there; who am I to speak of Wilbur Mills that way? I may need him some day to get something passed in the Congress." Even in retirement, Johnson continued to be painstakingly presidential, hoping to prove that he had indeed belonged in the White House.



drawing of Johnson by András Goldinger

III

As time took its toll on Johnson physically, as two heart attacks ravaged him in the last years of his life, he became less guarded, almost as though, despite all his defenses, he had to tell his tale to someone before it was too late. Otherwise, who would there ever be to tell the world about *him*?

The first heart attack was followed by a momentary euphoria. His presidential memoirs were done; there was little pressure to begin a book on the earlier years. Instead he could reminisce about them. He even seemed now to want to stay alive; he quit smoking, he drank less, he exercised regularly. For the first time since he had left the White House, he appeared, if only briefly, to be relatively content. Not so coincidentally, his mind focused on a happier time in his career, his years as majority leader in the Senate. The control that he felt during those years now seemed in the retelling to become a metaphor for the control he was finally feeling at the ranch. There was a slower pace to his conversation now. His words went far deeper than a plastic presentation of public deeds; his candor became more than occasional. He was willing to reveal himself as both the lion and the fox.

His second heart attack turned the psychic tide. I believe that in the last year and a half he knew he was dying. He grew obsessive about never being alone. It was during this time, as I described in my book, that he would awaken me at five in the morning because he could not sleep and had to talk. His sense that he was dying unlocked his earliest memories. Over and over he recreated the scenes in which he had talked with his mother about her past. Before, Johnson had pictured his mother as loving, sensitive and spiritual. Now, she was the demanding, ambitious, frustrated woman who loved him when he succeeded and scorned him when he failed. He decided not to go to college after high school, because in high school he had felt so pressured by her. She literally refused to talk to him for six months, to the point where he finally ran away to California to try to make it on his own. He could not; he came back a year later and acceded to all her demands, telling her that if she got him into college he would finally go.

He would reveal such things in fits and starts. The next morning he would try to take his tale back, saying: "Now, I didn't mean anything bad about my mother, she was the most wonderful, beautiful woman, and she always loved me no matter what." Soon he would offer another episode of her darker side, but this slow exorcism seemed as painful as it now was irrepressible.

Sadness welled up even more in those last years when he spoke of "the other beautiful woman" he had hoped to create—the Great Society. He had wanted her, he said, to be big and beneficent, fat and beautiful. When the federal government, through the laws he put on the books, became as fat or fatter even than the New Deal government, then he, Lyndon Johnson, would be even more loved than Franklin D. Roosevelt. Johnson lived to watch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon, month by month, cut his appropriations for the Great Society, and he felt, he said, that she was going to get so skinny and so ugly and so bony that someday the American people were going to put her in a closet and refuse to look at her anymore. And alone in that closet she would die, and if she died, he said then he would die too.

Johnson's curious metaphor became a part of his own life and death. Two days before he died he listened to President Nixon's second inaugural, and the following day to Nixon's plan for dismantling the Great Society. Then, that afternoon, this man who was so afraid of being alone that he would ask friends to sit outside his door while he napped, had a heart attack in his bed when no one else was in the house. He called the secret service, but by the time they reached his room, he was dead.

Surfeited with such rich, dramatic material, I wish I could have waited to write my book for 10 or 20 years, so that I could really understand and convey its human value. But I was a young professor at Harvard; I had to publish. I also think if I had it to do over again, that I would have written the book backward rather than forward, starting with his last years on the ranch, then going back to the Senate and House years, and finally to the sources of his character in childhood—following the tale in the order he presented it to me. It might have meant a loss of analytical detail, since I couldn't have built up the pattern of traits shown in his childhood and early adulthood and later in his leadership. And it might have made the telling more personal and difficult. But it would have allowed me to accompany Johnson on his search for his own past, to go with him, backward in time, as he tried, in the last years of his life, to understand who and what he was. And that journey, however difficult to describe, would have been, I now believe, a richer tale.

Doris Kearns

Doris Kearns is working on a new book about three generations of the Kennedy family.

Books Considered

Soldiers of '44
by William P. McGivern

(Arbor House; $10.95)

Naples '44
by Norman Lewis

(Pantheon; $8.95)

If you are a male over 52 and were sound of wind and limb in 1944 and in those days were not quite at the apex of the class hierarchy and were neither terribly brave nor terribly cowardly, you were probably in the Army of the United States, and if you were in Europe chances are you're familiar already with the settings and contexts of these two books. McGivern's novel takes place in the frozen fields and woods of Belgium when the Germans counterattacked in December and mangled the American 106th Division, peopled largely by embittered transfers from the warm, scholarly Army Specialized Training Program at home. Lewis's memoir, in the form of a diary, begins with the Allied landings at Salerno in September 1943, and goes on to scrutinize half-satirically, half-sympathetically the infinite human riches of the Neapolitan scene during 1944, when under official American auspices the Mafioso Vito Genovese was virtually in charge.

Despite their common return to the public events of 1944, these two books are very different, and it is certainly unfair, even if critically instructive, to juxtapose McGivern's creaky, leaden American melodrama with Lewis's sensitive, ironic and intelligent British memoir. In America, for some reason, the novel has unique prestige as a vehicle for autobiographical utterance. When an American has something personal and pressing to write about—McGivern was in the Army in Belgium in 1944—his first thought is to write a novel, choosing not to notice that the talent for contriving significant credible human actions is extremely rare. When an Englishman wants to register personal experience, he is more likely to do so in a memoir, a much more possible form of autobiographical fiction for those who are not Hemingways or Joyces or Lawrences.

These two books are aimed at entirely different audiences, and probably no more than five people are going to read both. The audience McGivern assumes requires elementary instruction about the war and expects diagrammatic simplification of all human emotions and motives. From his book you learn (1) that line soldiers are profane and obscene and don't bathe or shave for weeks on end; (2) that if you touch a picture of Hitler in a house just vacated by the Germans a booby trap is very likely to go off and kill three men; (3) that armies are like prisons in that lads with long eyelashes and nice smiles are going to capture hearts, sometimes to

"Enlightenment is seldom so accessible."

—The Boston Globe

"Meyer Schapiro's MODERN ART is a lesson in how to see, in the almost infinite suggestiveness of things as they are. Reading it makes you want to rush out into the world and let it burst over you like a wave. Seeing for Mr. Schapiro is a kind of love: If you are not afraid to fall in love, here is your chance."

— Anatole Broyard

Winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award.

Clothbound $20.00

George Braziller, Inc.

One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the detriment of good order; (4) that if you think the war's going to be over by Christmas, you're wrong; (5) that in the combat units of World War II the standards of endurance and phlegm were higher for Jews than for others; (6) that although practical ethics has its "grey areas," concepts like cowardice and courage still betoken opposites.

This last lesson emerges from the climax of the novel, an implausible judicial inquiry by a panel of field-grade officers who have nothing more important to do than to ascertain the facts about the desertion and subsequent heroic redemption of Private Jackson Baird, who (like hundreds of others, actually) has thrown away his rifle and fled in panic from the 106th Division. He has attached himself to the 15-man anti-aircraft artillery section of Sergeant Buell Docker, said by the jacket-blurb to be "perhaps the most memorable hero in all World War II fiction." If your conception of a hero is Superman, you'll buy that. Otherwise you will find Yossarian, Billy Pilgrim and Tyrone Slothrop more memorable. Docker is simply Burt Lancaster, but simplified ("There was a precision in his movements that masked the power and size of his body").

The presence of Private Baird in a rifle company of an undistinguished new division when his West Point father is a moneyed major general on MacArthur's staff is as hard to credit as the operatic action constituting his apotheosis. Docker's gun section, emplaced on a hilltop, has shot down one of the new German jet fighters, and the Germans conclude that they must destroy the nearby wreckage further to protect its "secrets." (Unbelievable: many such planes flew during the Bulge and many were shot down.) This mission is undertaken by the civilized, decent Waffen-SS officer Karl Jaeger, who comes after Docker's section with a King Tiger tank Mark II, "the most dangerous ground weapon," McGivern announces, "in the German arsenal." From here on the *frissons* and the yards of unreal dialogue and dying speeches are from one of those adolescent war films made for TV. Private Baird, who has read widely in technical military literature, recalls that the belly armor on the tank is very thin. He saves the situation by advising Docker to plant a shot there as the tank crests the hill. The shot succeeds, but Baird is killed. The board of inquiry decides that although he was once a coward (a "letter" confessing as much has handily come to light), he has ended as a hero. His reward is a posthumous Silver Star.

photo from *Afrika Korps*

Afrika Korps at War
2. The Long Road Back
by George Forty

(Scribner's; $14.95)

Above: Soldiers from the Deutsches Afrika Korps retreat after their decisive defeat at El Alamein on November 4, 1942. As the photographs in George Forty's second volume of *Afrika Korps* testify, Rommel's abortive effort to destroy the British Eighth Army and win control of the coveted Suez Canal was carried out with obdurate determination. But the enthusiasm with which Forty describes this futile campaign is undercut by the grim story told in the photographs.

Because it is so false, so corny and so shallow, and because it misrepresents so optimistically the emotional conditions of the war, *Soldiers of '44* is going to be popular this spring. As a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, it will carry on the work of rationalizing and romanticizing the war begun by Herman Wouk in *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance*. Already the hucksters are playing critics: "*Soldiers of '44* is much more than a war novel. It is a story of men and women caught up in the moral and physical tensions of their ultimate testing."—Kay Sexton, Director of Merchandising, B. Dalton Bookseller. "I found *Soldiers of '44* a truly fascinating story . . . absolutely great."—Carl A. Kroch, President, Kroch & Brentano's, Inc. "Don't miss it."—Tom Paynter, Waldenbooks.

If McGivern cants of "parameters" and "guidelines" and calls houses "homes" and doesn't know what "literal" means, Lewis, an educated man, is a master of his medium, and his view of events is so unconstrained by the received imagery of the respectable that he can record honestly what he has seen. Set ashore at Salerno with a unit of the British Field Security Service—the equivalent of the American Counter Intelligence Corps—Lewis observes the 36th ("Texas") Division in its first action. Where McGivern turns the real into the incredible, Lewis turns the unexpected into the real:

A line of American tanks went by, making for the battle, and hardly any time passed before they were back, but now there were fewer of them, and the wild and erratic manner in which they were driven suggested panic. One stopped nearby, and the crew clambered out and fell into one another's arms, weeping. Shortly afterwards there were cries of 'gas,'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and we saw frantic figures wearing gasmasks running in all directions.

Where McGivern's coolheaded gunners hit an enemy plane as they're supposed to, Lewis watches some "distraught" American anti-aircraft gunners bring down their third British plane, and "at about 300 feet." Where McGivern's officers mount solemn inquiries into their men's cowardice, those Lewis notices pull out quietly and abandon their troops, or, in Lewis's terms, their "armed hillbillies."

Official history will in due time set to work to dress up this part of the action at Salerno with what dignity it can. What we saw was ineptitude and cowardice spreading down from the command, and this resulted in chaos. . . . In the belief that our position had been infiltrated by German infantry [the Americans] began to shoot each other, and there were blood-chilling screams from men hit by the bullets.

To Lewis's civilized eye the war is a murderous farce, and his view encompasses British behavior as well as American. At British Security Headquarters, he reports:

I saw an ugly sight: a British officer interrogating an Italian civilian, and repeatedly hitting him about the head with a chair; treatment which the Italian, his face a mask of blood, suffered with stoicism. At the end of the interrogation, which had not been considered successful, the officer called in a private of the Hampshires and asked him in a pleasant, conversational sort of manner, 'Would you like to take this man away, and shoot him?' The private's reply was to spit on his hands, and say, 'I don't mind if I do, sir.' The most revolting episode I have seen since joining the forces.

In McGivern's novel rumors prove to be true, and people know accurately news which assumed its present status as cliché only after the war, like the bombing of Dresden, the execution of Private Slovik, the drowning of too many sailors on the *Lexington* because so many portholes were welded shut. In Lewis's memoir rumors are false, reports erroneous, evidence dubious and contradictory, perception ambiguous. "Suspiciously flashing lights" are reported in a village near Naples, and Lewis's section surrounds the town. When the light winks, they move in, "only to capture a man with a [flashlight] on his way to the single outside latrine, used by the entire village."

Lewis's section is soon installed in Naples, where it goes to work receiving and investigating comical dreams of denunciations of collaborators and spies. One man is described by his enemy as "having the face of a hypocrite." There are frequent visitors with requests, like a prince and his sister:

Both are remarkably alike in appearance: thin, with extremely pale skin and cold, patrician faces bordering on severity. The purpose of the visit was to inquire if we could arrange for the sister to enter an army brothel. We explained that there was no such institution in the British Army. 'A pity,' the Prince said. Both of them speak excellent English, learned from an English governess. 'Ah well, Luisa, I suppose if it can't be it can't be.' They thanked us with polite calm, and departed.

"Naples is extraordinary in every way," says Lewis. It has always been a theater, and in 1944 it combined Grand Guignol with Fellini (we hear of "the famous midget gynaecologist Professore Dottore Salerno"). Its thieves and black-marketeers exhibited an audacity perhaps unequaled until Vietnam. The British Army's telephone wires were cut down and sold openly for the copper, and "at the opening of the San Carlo opera *every* middle- and upper-class woman arrived in a coat made from a stolen army blanket." Later in the season, the orchestra, also clad in

CHINA:
the superlatives.

"There is no better source to turn to for understanding the beginnings of the process through which America lost touch with reality in the Orient than Michael Schaller's excellent study."—Martin J. Sherwin, *New York Times Book Review*
THE U.S. CRUSADE IN CHINA 1938-1945
Michael Schaller $14.95

"The most thorough, thoughtful study yet available of China's oil potential. Harrison assembles very extensive estimates from many sources...and explores the potentialities for conflict or co-operation."—John K. Fairbank, *New York Review of Books*
CHINA, OIL, AND ASIA:
Conflict Ahead?
Selig S. Harrison $13.00

The most respected history of modern China, enhanced by careful updating and new material on the post-Mao era. As in the first edition, "it is written in a brisk, pungent style, and its keynote is realism."—*New York Times Book Review*
20TH CENTURY CHINA:
Third Edition
O. Edmund Clubb $20.00 cloth, $7.50 paper

"A very readable account...the stories of three Americans—Roger S. Greene, Thomas W. Lamont, and George E. Sokolsky—who played key roles in shaping American opinion about the Far East."—*Foreign Affairs*
THE CHINESE CONNECTION
Warren I. Cohen $16.50

"The first major collective effort to examine the cold war in Asia...a valuable addition to the literature. It has provided answers to many questions and corrected some of the major misconceptions."—*Political Science Quarterly*
THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR IN ASIA
Edited by Yōnosuke Nagai and Akira Iriye $20.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Address for orders:
136 South Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garments made from stolen blankets, took a brief recess. When it returned to the pit, it found all its instruments stolen. Thieves scaled 30-foot walls to remove in five minutes all the wheels from the trucks of Lewis's unit, and Lewis registers his amazement at the spectacle of a damaged tank, "which, although one never saw a finger laid on it, shrank away day by day, as if its armor-plating had been made of ice, until nothing whatever remained." But it's not all funny. Lewis dwells also on the starvation, the quasi-medieval religious credulity, the epidemics, the madness and deformities, the fraud and bribery and flagrant injustice, the syphilis and child prostitution, the open banditry, the wholesale rape, and the cruelty. A boys' pastime was to ignite gasoline-soaked rags tied to bats and release them prettily into the night sky; a grave adult Neapolitan "was full of praise for the ingenuity with which they made their own small pleasures."

And yet: "A year among the Italians had converted me to such an admiration for their humanity and culture that I realize that were I given the chance to be born again and to choose the place of my birth, Italy would be the country of my choice." Lewis speaks as the heir of a complex tradition, the tradition of Browning and Ruskin and Lawrence and Norman Douglas and Forster. Compared with Lewis's kind of complicated awareness, McGivern can come up with nothing but cowboys and Indians.

McGivern thinks that because the war can be conceived as "just," it was therefore rational. Lewis understands that although necessary it was absurd, reasonable in intent and botched in all particulars, a task for professionals bungled everywhere by amateurs. His account is credible, funny, ghastly, contemptuous, compassionate, and fully human. As a version of 1944 it will never be popular, but it will always be true.

Paul Fussell

Paul Fussell, who teaches English at Rutgers, is the author of *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford). In 1944 he was a second lieutenant in the 103rd Infantry Division in France.

Choices and Echoes in Presidential Elections: Rational Man and Electoral Democracy by Benjamin I. Page

(University of Chicago Press; $17.50)

There are few more important questions of democratic theory than those which turn on the nature and scope of the choices given to voters at elections. Most such theory stresses as a central ethical proposition that elites ought to be accountable to the voters for their actions in office. Among many other things, this requires that the electoral market should be organized as nearly as possible in terms of equality of influence as well as of input (i.e., voting).

As we all know, real-world pluralistic systems based on free elections fall more or less radically short of these ideals. Just how great this shortfall is will depend on a number of factors. For instance, do parties exist which give cues to voters separate from those provided by the individual candidates themselves? How great are the candidates' resources and incentives for blurring the public's awareness of who they are and where they stand? The ultimate problem is that the electoral market is little more egalitarian in fact than is the economic market which it replicates—a problem pointed out as long ago as 1915 by Robert Michels when he formulated his "iron law of oligarchy."

In this rich little book, Professor Benjamin Page sets out to perform the important task of confronting these issues in light of the current state of political scientists' knowledge about American voters, politicians and elections. This is a book which is primarily written for a scholarly audience. Accordingly, the language is understated throughout, and the author is meticulously careful not to go very far in his analysis beyond the support given by his data. But it would be a mistake to assume that *Choices and Echoes* is of interest only to specialists. It contains a mine of information about the attitudes of the contemporary American electorate, the activities of candidates and the relationship between the two. More than this, however, it is a serious effort to understand the foundations of a system of electoral politics whose performance falls conspicuously short of its democratic promise.

The author begins by presenting two contrasting theories of the electoral market and assessing them in light of empirical evidence drawn from recent American presidential election campaigns. The first of these, the "economic theory of democracy" school, concentrates its attention on voters as rational animals, each one attempting to maximize his interests through his vote, and on political entrepreneurs as rational animals, each one seeking to maximize his interests—getting elected to office, that is—by trying to find out what the majority structure of public opinion is and tailoring their campaign appeals accordingly.

The second school is that of the "responsible party / party cleavage" theorists. The emphasis in the works of such eminent scholars as E. E. Schattschneider and V. O. Key Jr. is on the proposition that voters cannot possibly know what their interests are in a modern political economy, much less act effectively to promote those interests, unless there are at least two groups of political entrepreneurs—parties—which "stand for something." This requires that these parties differ systematically on issues and policies, and that they be in the business of educating or persuading people. The "economic theory" tends to suggest a convergence of politicians toward the center point of the public-opinion distribution curve. The "party responsibility" theory, on the other hand, stresses *polarity*, with politicians being anchored by their mass followings far enough apart from each other so that voters can be given a choice, and not an echo.

Page finds, not surprisingly, that parts of both theories are related to empirical reality, but that neither is a very accurate guide to what goes on in American politics. Thus, for instance, the 1964 Goldwater campaign in particular makes no sense at all in terms of a model of entrepreneurial action based on finding the midpoint of public opinion and campaigning accordingly. Similarly, a "pure" party-responsibility

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

model founders when, as Page amply documents, the two parties converge on an important issue like Vietnam, and when candidates use an arsenal of media-manipulation tricks to disguise themselves from the public.

On the other hand, Anthony Downs's work (part of the "economic theory" school) quite rightly emphasizes that there are enormous inequalities in voters' access to relevant political information in the real world. Page not only accepts this proposition, but plausibly argues that this lack of detailed political information is one of the most important properties of mass electorates. But parties, after all, exist because of this very fact. They fill an information void. By giving voters a collective reference structure which has a continuity and "memory" of its own, they permit them to use the party label or "identification" as a shortcut in their decision-making processes. Examining these parties in detail, Page demonstrates that they do tend systematically to differ over the long term about certain issues, especially "labor" versus "capital" issues. On the other hand, these differences are marginal rather than fundamental. No significant organized political force in the United States debates in public whether free enterprise should continue to dominate the political economy or not. Moreover, there are many issues where the parties do not take divergent positions, especially the newer issues of the 1960s and 1970s. And they almost wholly fail to educate or persuade anyone.

The use of data in this book is sound, the inferences and conclusions are shrewd, accurate and realistic. Consequently, one finishes the book with rather gloomy impressions. Page's analysis of the attitudes of the electorate during the Vietnam protest era should be required reading for political activists as well as specialists. It brilliantly evokes that electorate's deep acceptance of the existing order of things, its widespread support of the war at least until the Tet offensive, and its hostility to protest and protesters. If McGovern lost so badly in 1972, it was not because he was as far from the mainstream consensus as Goldwater had been in 1964. Rather, it was because the voters thought him to be much more "radical" than he really was. As Page points out, that was in large part because McGovern's most active supporters formed an ideal negative reference group for voters, and because he projected an image of personal incompetence. Similarly, Page's analysis of campaign statements (including "The Speech" presidential candidates use these days) makes breathtakingly clear how extraordinarily narrow these "choices" really are.

All of this reflects the underlying reality of American politics, past and present: an uncontested hegemony of Lockian-liberal ideas in the political arena, and an uncontested hegemony of corporate capitalism as the dominant socioeconomic form of American life. Of course, it is obvious that even in pluralist systems where hegemony has always been vigorously contested, governments will act to promote the well-being of the dominant mode of production. They have no choice: that mode of production is the basis on which the state itself rests. The course of the Labour party in power since 1974 provides a particularly apt British example of this argument.

But at least during the contestation phase, when appeals are made to the voters in the electoral market, one does not need a test of statistical significance to be sure that there are significant and enduring policy differences between Conservatives and Labourites. What is unique about the United States is not the fact of hegemony, but the fact that it is for all practical purposes uncontested by any significant organized force in the electoral market. In this context, it is entirely to be expected that political parties in the United States do not engage in education or persuasion, or that they and their cleavages are only occasionally relevant to electoral choice. So long as hegemony remains uncontested, after all, there is nothing fundamental to educate people about.

Page does not put matters precisely this way, but he is keenly aware of the underlying problem. He advances a third model which fits the American case better, and demands much less of voters than either of the other two—the "electoral reward and punishment" model. This formulation comes very close to V. O. Key's argument that elections are decided by the retrospective judgments which crucial minorities of voters make on the performance of the incumbent party. If the contrast between the promise and the record is acute and painful enough, incumbents are likely to be tossed out—as, classically, in 1932, 1952 and 1968. These dramatic events, it seems, are associated either with economic depression or with the conduct of an unsuccessful and protracted war.

"Democracy by anticipation of reward and punishment" has many attractive features. For one thing, it argues the existence of a supreme electoral penalty for government failure to meet fundamental needs. For another, it assumes that the incumbent party cannot dodge its fate by nominating a new candidate. Finally, it presupposes that power-seeking politicians have a self-interest in their own reelection (or that of their party's candidate) as a constraint on their freedom to do just as they please while in office. The problem is that political elites don't always behave as this model would suppose, particularly when (as with Grover Cleveland, Herbert Hoover or Lyndon Johnson) their class ideology and their egos are caught up in a large and challenging crisis. Moreover, these elites are becoming ever more sophisticated in manipulating the public's judgments of reality and even reality itself—for example, through manipulating the business cycle to produce "good times" in years divisible by four.

When all is said and done, Page concludes that this whole system is now oriented toward the "selection of a benevolent leader." Presidents these days are not really leaders of partisan teams; they organize their own campaigns. These campaigns reinforce a personalistic, ad hoc element which has more and more dominated presidential elections since the early years of this century. Jimmy Carter's campaign is a splendid case in point. His presidency is becoming this year's lesson as to what the policy consequences of this political style can become. Accordingly, we may well agree with Page that this model of democracy "is sufficiently attenuated that one might be uncomfortable with it, . . . even if it worked perfectly." Indeed one might.

Choices and Echoes has weaknesses. Academic political science prose is not likely to recommend itself for its verve or trenchancy to outsiders, though it should be said on this score that Page does better than most. More importantly, Page does not attempt to deal with one of the most significant features of current American politics. This is the

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very widespread, often bitter hostility to politics, politicians and political parties which now dominates public opinion. It has emerged into plain view since about 1966, that is, since the cold-war liberal consensus was shattered on the rocks of Vietnam and other events. New politicians like Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown owe their existence to it. It is hard to escape the impression that voters are now "on to them," that promise is one thing and performance quite another, but also that they can do nothing whatever about the situation. Surely, changes in attitudes toward politics and politicians which are as large and significant as these demand incorporation into the analysis if it is to be reasonably complete.

Nevertheless, this book is an important contribution to the existing literature on American electoral politics. There are too few studies that attempt seriously to think through the implications of empirical data on attitudes and campaigns for the state of democracy in the United States. Page's conclusions are profoundly disturbing, but not more so than the condition of the subject supports. Throughout most of this century, a systematic if half-unconscious quest has been going on among American political elites to eliminate the political from politics and, where the mass electorate must be consulted at all, to convert its choices into the personalistic and the ad hoc. Thus may the forms of democracy best be preserved without running any major risk to the president's primary function: to uphold the well-being of corporate capitalism at home and to manage the country's imperial responsibilities abroad. So we find, very characteristically, that Lyndon Johnson wanted Nelson Rockefeller to succeed him in 1968. Who cared about Rockefeller's party affiliation when there was serious work to be done? Similarly, we now find Attorney General Bell advocating that old chestnut of constitutional reform, the single six-year term for presidents—on the grounds that having to spend one year out of four on reelection detracts from the serious business of the presidency.

Perhaps the many efforts over the years to structure the electoral market so as to eliminate the political—a kind of "euthanasia of the electorate"—may help account for the all-time low of 35 percent participation in the 1978 congressional election. In any case it is clear that, as between the persistent efforts of political elites to insulate themselves from the risks of market competition and the spasmodic efforts by others to make them accountable to the public for what they do, insulation is winning hands down. The consequences can be seen, at least in part, in Page's thoughtful essays on ambiguity, the presentation of the candidate's self, and manipulation. Things are unlikely to look very different in and beyond 1980, or indeed for as long as our uncontested hegemony remains uncontested.

Walter Dean Burnham

Walter Dean Burnham is professor of political science at MIT, and the author of *Critical Elections and the Mainsprings of American Politics* (Norton), among other books.

Antonio Gramsci
by James Joll

(Penguin; $3.95)

"We must keep this brain from functioning for twenty years." Mussolini did both more and less than he threatened. Antonio Gramsci would survive in fascist prisons for only 11 years, from 1926 until his death in a Rome clinic in 1937. Yet it was a sign of the incompleteness and inconsistency of the tyranny that oppressed him that he was not prevented from thinking, or even from writing. In the vigorous revival of Marxist thought about history and society that has taken place in the non-communist West since the 1960s, few texts have been more often invoked than the series of reflections Gramsci was able to set down—fitfully, sometimes cryptically, but with noble calm and quiet determination—in his *Prison Notebooks*. Twenty years ago to include Gramsci among the "modern masters" would have surprised most people outside Italy. Today we would be upset to find him missing.

Part of his fascination is personal. A small, frail, humpbacked man with lively blue eyes and a detached, sometimes ironic mien, Gramsci often put people in mind of his rural Sardinian orgins. As Piero Gobetti, the brilliant liberal journalist who admired Gramsci in Turin during the early 1920s noted, Gramsci had felt the intense solitude of the emigré Sardinian during his years as a student in Turin; his socialism began as a response to the social injustices to which this experience made him sensitive. Gobetti thought that Gramsci's absolute and inexorable devotion to revolutionary doctrine and action betrayed the "spiritual necessity of one who has renounced and denied his native innocence." But Gramsci's hate for existing institutions had nothing plebian about it. Rather, it was possessed of an "intimately aristocratic" character, a quality of "proud nobility and wounded dignity." Those are precisely the features Gramsci would display later on, in the moving letters he wrote to family and friends from prison. "I am not vexed or tormented and I do not need to be consoled," he wrote in the spring of 1927. "Even before being thrown in prison I was acquainted with isolation and I knew how to find it, even in a crowd." He had learned, he stated on another occasion, the necessity of being "above the surroundings within which one lives, but without despising them or believing oneself superior to them." To his mother he described his inner serenity and contentment, concluding that "at bottom, I myself desired my arrest and condemnation, in the sense that I would never change my opinions, for which I would be willing to give my life, and not just remain in prison. . . . Life is very hard, and sons must sometimes give great pain to their mothers if they want to preserve their honor and their human dignity." For many who have sought to identify a specifically Western European form of communism that preserves its roots in socialist humanitarianism, the human face within the vision has not been merely anonymous: it is Gramsci's face.

It is not far from Gramsci's person to the features of his public career and his thinking that account for so much of his intellectual stature today. In his admirable new book for the Modern Masters series, James Joll makes these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspects of Gramsci's legacy especially clear. They include his attempt, within a Marxist framework, to come to terms with the failure of revolution and the continuing vitality of liberal capitalism; his early recognition that the party struggles leading to Stalin's domination in Russia threatened to undermine Lenin's achievements and destroy the moral prestige of the international communist movement; his belief that Marxism was the rightful heir to the Western cultural tradition whose earlier expressions were the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Enlightenment; his emphasis on the role of intellectuals in shaping the consciousness out of which action springs, both in the past and in the revolution to come; and his consequent concern with the general conditions that allow any given body of ideas and beliefs to gain the loyalty of ordinary people at a particular historical moment—the concept of cultural hegemony. All these themes reflect Gramsci's continuing attempt to find formulas and strategies that would harmonize leadership and spontaneity within the working-class political movement, and reconcile discipline with liberty in future socialist society.

Joll's concise and well-balanced little book is a model of what such an introduction should be. With sympathy, clarity and mature good judgment, he places the evolution of Gramsci's thought against the background of his life. Readers will find a trustworthy guide to the Italian political situation within which Gramsci sought to act, and brief but enlightening statements of his relations with the contemporaries who influenced him and helped to define his own position, notably Croce, Sorel, Lenin and Bukharin. The summaries of the *Prison Notebooks* are clear and to the point. Readers who know nothing of Gramsci will find this an excellent place to begin, while those who are already acquainted with him will find Joll's judgments judicious and helpful.

Gramsci's career falls into two easily discernible stages, separated by the triumph of fascism after 1922 and his own imprisonment a few years later. Each phase was associated with a different political strategy. In the agitated years following World War I Gramsci occupied a position on the left wing of the Italian Socialist Party, denouncing the reformist leadership's inability to take the helm in an apparently revolutionary situation. His commitment to a purely proletarian and revolutionary politics (even while he was prophetically aware that an intensified reaction might follow the defeat of the working-class forces) made him a leading figure in the group that split off to found the Italian Communist Party in 1921. Once the fascists were firmly entrenched in power, however, Gramsci correctly saw—much earlier than the dominant figures in the Third International—that the time for battle on the open and clear terrain of the class struggle was, temporarily at least, past. The new situation required a more cautious "war of position" in which the immediate goals and battle cries would center on democracy rather than socialist revolution. This required alliances with more moderate forces on the left.

The resulting contrast between a more intransigent and a more moderate politics had a parallel on the philosophical plane. In his *Notebooks* Gramsci sometimes makes a strong claim for the intellectual autonomy of Marxism (which he called "the philosophy of *praxis*"). In this mood he equated revolutionary orthodoxy with the most complete separation between Marxist thought and all other forms of theory. Yet his real intellectual enemy was late 19th-century positivism, and to combat it he was sometimes willing to bring Marxism back toward its original matrix in idealist philosophy. This contrast reflects Gramsci's lifelong dialogue with and polemic against the powerful and influential Italian idealist Benedetto Croce, an intimate and sometimes tortuous relationship that recalls Marx's similar attempt simultaneously to appropriate and reject the idealism of Hegel.

Joll shows clearly that all these seemingly disparate positions were in fact the expressions of a constant vision of politics. That vision emerged as Gramsci's years of study and preparation came together with the movement to organize socialist political action around the workers' councils that served as centers of militancy in Turin

THE EMBASSY

I must have been happier yesterday than I thought,
For last night, after a gap of years,
I dreamt my ancient dream of speaking to the Senate,
Explaining just how easy it is
To help our sister republics to the south
Once we turn back the greed that engenders fear
And learn to enjoy the company of equals
Where no one has to swagger to feel proud.

Now I've awakened with my own words in my ears
As I used to do, when you woke beside me.
Remember how confident I was then,
A citizen of the world, as if all night,
My telescope steadied on your shoulder,
I guided my ship by coast marks, bringing good news
To the waiting harbors of Brazil and Ecuador?

I thought the dream had gone for good,
As you had gone, and now it's returned,
A new scene added at the end.
With my ship bobbing on the anchor line
I step out on the pier to music
And wave to the crowd, and deliver my speech
On friendship from the North and the brighter day.

And you are there in back, a little older,
Smiling, proud that I never became practical.
And then the speech is over
And the crowd goes back to work,
The farmers to the land, the fishermen
Back to the sea, where they'll search today
For a boat weeks overdue.
Did I happen to see it as I sailed in?
Do I mind going out to help them look?

Carl Dennis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factories after World War I. To Gramsci these councils—which he compared somewhat misleadingly with the revolutionary organs that gave their name to the Soviet revolution of 1917—offered a way to organize the working class "organically." By contrast with the hierarchical party controlled by functionaries, the councils were a spontaneous expression of the day-to-day experience of workers. They were also, and essentially, an organ of working-class education and cultural formation. As the locus of interaction between ordinary workers rooted in everyday reality and intellectuals schooled in Marxist philosophy, they would give birth to twin offspring: the revolutionary force that could create the new society, and the new morality and consciousness that would be appropriate to it. Gramsci expected that the crisis of capitalism following the World War would cause existing forms of culture to lose their powers of cohesion and attraction. The new proletarian consciousness would replace them, coming to be accepted not just by workers, but also by intellectuals who had earlier identified with liberalism or traditional religion. Thus Gramsci's ideas of socialist organization and action contained from the beginning a focus on "culture" as the realm that would harmonize the views of the intellectual leadership with those of ordinary workers, while at the same time creating links between the revolutionary vanguard and more moderate forces.

These were the elements Gramsci would later draw on in his reflections on "hegemony." Basic to this notion was the distinction (less clearly made in earlier Marxist thinkers) between political domination and cultural leadership (*direzione* means management or steering as well as headship or control). The first was based on force, but the second was a question of persuasiveness, and it was exercised on friends and allies rather than on those one fought and defeated. Gramsci believed (most of the time at least; this is a point on which the *Notebooks* are not always clear) that a class could accede to political domination only after first elaborating a culture that would gain it hegemonic influence over other social groups, and that it would have to retain that persuasive position afterward if its rule was not to deteriorate into sheer force and violence. (This latter was the case of the European bourgeoisie in the age of fascism.) The history of successive forms of class domination was also the history of the philosophies associated with each, and of the intellectuals who were their principal exponents and carriers.

Gramsci's preoccupation with hegemony was basic to the positions he developed on a variety of individual topics in the *Prison Notebooks*. In contrast to many Marxists, for whom the proper focus of study has seemed to be the material, economic "base" of society, Gramsci justified giving primary attention to the conditions of the "superstructure." He argued that political movements and the conceptions that inspired them were less fully and immediately determined by economic and social conditions than some Marxists believed, and that it was in the realm of political action and consciousness that many historical questions were decided. This conviction was the foundation for his often very penetrating reflections on major moments in Western cultural history, in which the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Enlightenment and the Italian Risorgimento were scrutinized as examples of particular relationships between culture and society, and between intellectuals and the masses.

For non-Marxists, these features of Gramsci's thought have made him one of the most attractive and accessible of Marxist thinkers. His work has been the basis for fruitful interchange between Marxists and others, both those who identify themselves as liberal, and (especially in Europe) those whose orientation is specifically Christian. Gramsci's perceptive observations on particular subjects have inspired some of these exchanges, but the fundamental basis for them has been the conviction on both sides that his work provides a model attempt to discover, within Marxism, the basis for a non-coercive form of politics in which the role of intellectuals and the formation of culture occupy a central place.

Yet it is worth remembering that Gramsci's theory of hegemony arose in the particular conditions of crisis for the Western capitalist nations that followed World War I, and that it was developed to serve a revolutionary political struggle, not to dilute it. Gramsci wished to construct a political movement that would preserve spontaneity and freedom, but he was equally concerned to avoid positions that could be justifiably condemned—from a Marxist point of view—as merely voluntarist or idealist. The idea of a socialist society could not be reduced to a vision espoused by certain individuals, to be accepted or rejected by others at will. What allowed him to navigate between Scylla and Charybdis was the Marxist conviction that the main current of historical development was flowing in the previously charted direction—toward the demise of capitalism. The culture of Marxist intellectuals could become a directing force in modern life without coercion because it reflected the real experience, not just of Turin factory workers, but of much wider sections of late capitalist society. In his later years Gramsci no longer expected the end of capitalism to come as rapidly as he did in the aftermath of the war, and he often recalled Marx's insight of 1859 that no social order perishes before all the potentialities it contains have been realized. But Gramsci never supposed that, in the case of capitalism, those potentialities were fundamentally greater than they seemed to be in an era when (as he believed) its social system could be maintained only by the agency of fascist dictatorship. Those who read him as a prophet of the new phase of capitalist society we have experienced since the end of World War II are asking him to serve a purpose quite opposed to the one for which he stood. If the historical limits of capitalist social relations cannot in fact be discerned, then Gramsci's project for a socialist politics that avoids both coercion and voluntarism or idealism loses its necessary foundation. The philosophy and culture that intellectuals construct around the need for socialist revolution must either remain the preserve of those groups whose immediate experience conforms to it in some way, or, if it is to be extended throughout society, it must be imposed on others by command: it does not express their life or their needs.

Gramsci's life and legacy are illuminated by the features they share with Marx's. At a moment of general European crisis—Marx in the 1840s, Gramsci during World War I—both men became committed to the belief that the coming of revolution was bringing about a fundamental transformation of both society and culture. Once that moment of crisis had passed without fulfilling its promise, both found themselves isolated from politics and condemned (Marx used the word about himself, while Gramsci, as noted earlier, regarded his real imprisonment as self-desired on some level) to study the reasons for capitalism's unanticipated survival. Marx's attempt to reconcile

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberty and coercion by identifying politics with the necessary development from capitalism to socialism dissolved at the end of the 19th century into the separate and opposing currents of social-democratic reformism and Bolshevik authoritarianism. Gramsci's legacy seems threatened by a similar dissolution today. Since the end of World War II his own Italian Party has grown to be the largest communist force in the West, often calling on his name and his ideas in the process. But its power has placed it in a familiar predicament: always able to disrupt national life and politics, it remains unable to shepherd Italy—much less Europe—across the divide to a new form of society. It now faces two equally dim alternatives: to extend the existing compromise with the dominant Christian Democrats, thereby losing essential working-class and radical support; or to return to a more militant (less "Eurocommunistic") position and accept the isolation this would entail. Lacking the position of hegemonic leadership Gramsci thought it could develop, the party must choose between reformist resignation and revolutionary coercion. Gramsci's vision of reconciling freedom and authority through the development of a Marxist culture remains a powerful beacon. But it has failed to eliminate the dilemmas he hoped it would dispel.

Jerrold Seigel

Jerrold Seigel teaches history at Princeton. He is the author of *Marx's Fate* (Princeton University Press) and is currently at work on a study of Bohemianism and political radicalism in the 19th century.

The Mind Manipulators
by Alan W. Scheflin and Edward M. Opton Jr.

(Paddington Press; $14.95)

The variety of surgical, chemical and electrical "interventions" in the brain introduced over the last 40 years of the neurosurgical and psychiatric professions is stunning. Surgeons have targeted a dozen or more regions of the brain for destruction by electrical coagulation, implantation of radioactive "seeds," injection of toxic chemicals, or focused ultrasound. Psychiatrists have taken an even greater toll in brain damage by prescribing on a mass scale drugs such as phenothiazines and electroconvulsive therapy (ECT). Every conceivable form of deviance has been treated by these direct interventions in the brain, not merely the standard schizophrenic and depressive psychoses but also obesity, anorexia nervosa, aggression, stealing, drug and alcohol addiction, hyperactivity in children. Bed-wetting is widely treated with antidepressant drugs. Lawyers Scheflin and Opton have thoroughly described and documented many of these practices, drawing on the medical literature and on interviews with patients and prominent practitioners. Their book also describes experimental programs of the CIA and Army directed at achieving through drugs, hypnosis, and "brain washing" forms of mind control encountered heretofore only in science fiction.

We have come to expect this from the CIA. For most people, however, the idea dies hard that neurosurgeons are knowledgeable about the brain and treat it responsibly or that psychiatrists respect, above all, the organ of the mind. *The Mind Manipulators* is a valuable antidote because the authors, despite their lay status, have accurately recognized the uncritical attitudes and irresponsible practices of some members of these professions. That a surgeon could remove the temporal lobes of a schizophrenic patient leaving him as crazy as ever but now unable to remember anything, not even the route to the toilet, is sobering. That the surgeon performed the operation on 30 patients before recognizing the disaster is unforgivable. One might also grasp by reading this book the naivete of doctors about the working of the brain. Their electrodes, drugs and hormones are directed at what they conceive to be "centers" in the brain for aggression, sex, pain and so on, leading them to claim but never to document, that they can selectively relieve the pathology without cost to the personality. This conception of the brain, outdated by 40 years, is as rich and illuminating as a strip-mine operator's conception of an ecosystem.

While the scientific justification for such practices may be naive, their motivation cannot be considered entirely innocent. Claims of dramatic cures have been accompanied by massive publicity and later turned out, on the evidence presented by Scheflin and Opton, to be close to fraudulent. Take, for example, the practice of "curing" sexual deviants by administering the drug cyproterone acetate. This drug apparently blocks the brain's response to the male hormone testosterone and suppresses male libido and potency. The authors call this "chemical castration," noting that it "'cures' deviance in the same sense that blinding could be considered a cure for voyeurism."

Scheflin and Opton argue that democracy is threatened by these direct "mind manipulations" because the methods "are often devastatingly effective." Their evidence, however, suggests the opposite. Not one of the direct brain manipulations, as their investigation shows, has yet been successful in providing any sort of reliable control over mind. The most refined methods can destroy specialized anatomical regions of the brain or activate specific chemical circuits. But mind and brain are not the same. It is impossible to remove or suppress a particular quality of mind, such as rebelliousness, without altering its other qualities such as drive, foresight and ingenuity without which no society, even a despotic one, could function.

No unforeseen technical improvements are likely to change this. The idea, for example, of controlling human behavior by computer-monitored brain stimulation cannot be taken seriously. The largest computer now in existence lacks the richness and flexibility contained in the brain of a single honeybee. Even granting the continued development of computers, it is still inconceivable that they could control a human mind in any way that could usefully serve a despot or a ruling class. There is no evidence either that methods of Skinnerian "behavior modification," hypnosis, or "brainwashing" can usefully be put to evil ends—they have not even been powerful enough to get me to quit smoking. The only techniques discussed by Scheflin and Opton with real despotic potential are those of computerized

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surveillance. These will certainly make acts of dissent or rebellion more difficult to accomplish, but as long as people have their wits, the challenge of such developments can be met.

In abandoning their evidence, the authors are apparently trying to mobilize opposition to these practices by appealing to fear. This is a strategic error. People are mobilized more effectively by encouraging in them a sense of their own power. Let these practices stop, not because they pose an awesome threat but because they are beneath us.

Peter Sterling

Peter Sterling does brain research at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. He has contributed a chapter on psychosurgery to *Controversy in Psychiatry*, (W.B. Saunders Co.).

To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter by Vladimir Bukovsky

(Viking; $14.50)

On December 18, 1976, in one of the most bizarre bargains of the detente era, Soviet authorities released Vladimir Bukovsky from the prisons and lunatic asylums where he had spent a third of his 33 years in exchange for Luis Corvolan Lepe, a communist leader who had been imprisoned by the Chilean junta. The exhausted and ill man who disembarked from the special Aeroflot plane at Zurich symbolized the doggedness and courage of the dwindling band of Soviet freedom fighters.

Bukovsky had devoted virtually his entire adult life to writing and demonstrating for a number of causes—artistic freedom, due process in Soviet courtrooms, the right of Jews to emigrate—but his most persistent struggle had been against the psychiatric incarceration of political prisoners. Charges that his appeals to western psychiatrists constituted "anti-Soviet propaganda" furnished the legal grounds in 1972 for his latest 12-year sentence.

Bukovsky's story, as told in this plainspoken account of his unsentimental education behind bars, is that of a youth whose demon wouldn't let him keep quiet about the absence of the commissar's new clothes. At 16 he begins, innocently enough, by publishing a satire on Soviet society in his high school magazine. The humorless old men who are the party's ideological watchdogs expel him from school, but with the help of some cramming and a borrowed identity card he manages to enroll in Moscow University.

Five years later, in 1963, he is arrested for having a photocopy of Djilas's book *The New Class*. After an examination at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow, he is sent to a Leningrad psychoprison for 15 months. There he sees patients drugged into stupor and rolled in wet canvas to keep them submissive. Their recovery depends on developing a "critical attitude" toward their illness—in other words, on recanting. In December 1965, after only 10 months at liberty, he is again arrested for demonstrating against the trial of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel.

Another year of psychoprison follows, then more demonstrations against illegal trials, then a third arrest in January 1967. This time, Bukovsky learns the art of survival in a labor camp. He repays the thieves who tutor him in outwitting the guards by giving them lessons in English and jailhouse law. They form a "criminal collective of permanent complainants," whose flood of petitions drives the bureaucrats to apoplexy.

When he is released in 1970, Bukovsky tries to melt into the landscape, hungering for such simple pleasures as a fresh roll "bought for five kopecks at the railway station and gnawed unhurriedly as you amble down the street." But the truth must be told about the elite bosses in their dachas who "divide up the caviar, salami and imported goods among themselves in secret."

As he faces his judges for the fourth time, Bukovsky refuses to grovel. Instead he declares, "I will fight for legality and justice. I only regret that during the brief period—one year, two months and two days—when I was at liberty I managed to accomplish all too little toward that end." It is a rare burst of eloquence for a man who, far more than such pontifical dissidents as Solzhenitsyn, can claim to speak for the common Soviet citizen.

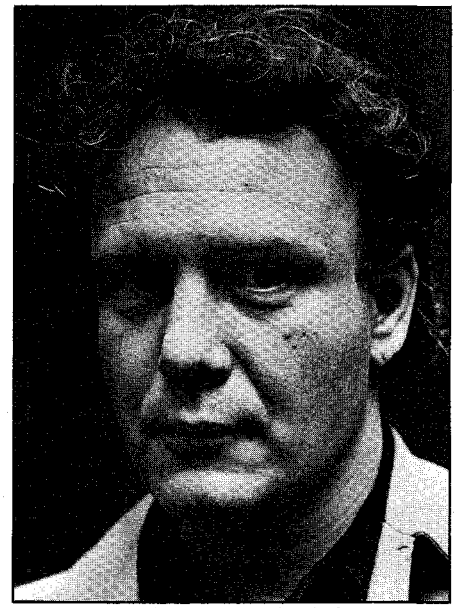


photo of Vladimir Bukovsky by Fay Godwin

What makes Bukovsky uncommon—and his book the tale of an extraordinary life despite its lack of grand causes or solutions—is that he insists on being left alone. When the state will not grant him that basic right, he finds the resources for a passive resistance that makes the Kremlin tremble. His conclusion, that "each person who refuses to submit to tyranny reduces it by one two-hundred-and-fifty-millionth," is profound in its simplicity.

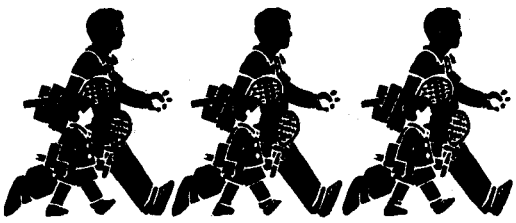
The ingenuity and good spirits of Bukovsky made him a trusted organizer of the human rights movement and a sought-for cellmate in jail. They also make his sprightly chronicle a diverting change of pace in the generally gloomy genre of prison literature.

Harvey Fireside

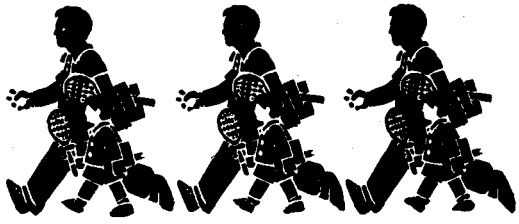
Harvey Fireside, who teaches politics at Ithaca College, is completing a book on Soviet psychoprisons.

Coming:
Rudolf Arnheim on
The Sense of Order
by E. H. Gombrich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP&SCHOOL DIRECTORY



Summer Camps

CRYSTALAIRE CAMP in Northern Michigan dune country. Coed, ages 9-15. Wilderness trips, farm animal care, gardening, work projects, sailing, swimming, creative arts. Informal non-competitive program. D. R. Reid, Frankfort, Michigan, 49635.

A Summer of Fun
and Supervised Adventure
CAMP OAK HILL
Girls 5 to 16
Boys 6 to 12
In our 32nd year
Excellent Professional Staff
Fine Facilities
Call or write: Margaret V. Richardson,
1808 Montrose St.
Philadelphia, PA 19146
(215) PE5-7883
Camp phone: (717) 529-2606
ACCREDITED CAMP
American Camping Association

CAMP HOLIDAY TRAILS
Boys Ages 6-15
Camp Holiday Trails welcomes children with a variety of health problems. It's staff is dedicated to helping each child develop his physical, emotional and social strengths through pleasant and rewarding camp experiences.
A CAMP FOR CHILDREN WITH SPECIAL HEALTH NEEDS
For additional information contact:
A. Murray Fisher, Jr.
P.O. Box 5806,
Charlottesville, VA 22903
Telephone (804) 977-3781

Camping with an added dimension . . .

LENORE OWAISSA
A prestigious girls camp in The Berkshires, ages 7-17. We instill a feeling of self worth & self confidence through individual skill development. Our program includes all land & water sports, tennis, gymnastics, track, soccer, horseback riding, arts & crafts, (drama-music-dance), cultural trips, unusual hobby hour.
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Langer, 851 E. 23 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210 Tel. (212) 338-5785
ACA, AIC & WMC Approved

CANADIAN WILDERNESS CAMP for young people 8 - 14. Canoe tripping, and serious nature study. Bird banding, exploring beaver lodges, hawks' nests, feldspar outcrops, help explain the "why" of conservation and ecology. For details, write Blue Heron, Box NR, 511 Morris Place, Shillington, Pennsylvania 19607.

WOOSTER OUTDOOR CENTER
Wooster Outdoor Center: Churches, Schools, Organized Groups. Reserve now for the 1979 year by day, week or weekend. Year round A.C.A. accredited camp. Capacity 100. For further information write Wooster Outdoor Center, Route #2, Perrysville, Ohio 44684 or call manager at 419-938-3715.

Wilderness Ventures
Backpacking • Mountaineering • Rafting •
8 week trips. East to Rockies & Northwest. Small co-ed groups, ages 14-18. 7th year.
Mike & Helen Cottingham
Box 333P
Moran, Wyo. 83013
307-543-2301
NY (after 6PM) 212-523-1439

PIONEER RANCH
Boys Ages 6-15
Backpacking, Fishing, Riflery, Horseback Riding, Canoe Trips, Archery, Athletics, Crafts, etc.
June 24-August 4
two or more weeks
Allegheny Mountains, East Hickory, PA
For brochure: Roy Van Horn, 214 N. Washington St., Titusville, PA 16354 (814) 827-2136.

TEL HAI CAMP
Discover your abilities to grow in a natural environment. Daily activites include crafts canoeing, nature study, hiking, sports, fishing, pioneer camping option. Attend camp for 1-5 weeks. For more information contact: John Nissley, Camp Director, TEL HAI CAMP, R.D. #2, Box 126-1, Honey Brook, PA 19344 Office telephone (215) 273-3969.
ACCREDITED CAMP
American Camping Association

OUR 15th YEAR
as a caring, creative inter-racial children's community. Rich art, riding, animal care, Red Cross swimming lessons, sports and trips. Parents welcome to visit at any time. JOHNNY APPLESEED IN VERMONT, 50 Lincoln Ave., Eastchester, N.Y. 10707. 914-961-8916.

Schools, Colleges and Universities

COLLEGE EDUCATION
Complete your college education with resident faculty and planned curriculum. Bachelor, Master & Doctoral programs in Business, Engineering, Education & Human Development. Authorized by California Supt. of Public Instruction. For catalog:
CALL: 800-423-3438
or send resume & transcripts to:
KENSINGTON UNIVERSITY
512 E. Wilson Ave., Dept. 748
Glendale, California, 91209

Instruction

Tennis with successful coaches this summer. Better than camp. Excellent facilities. Sailing, Write: John Wendle, 1245 Cherokee, Youngstown, Ohio 44511 Phone: 216-793-0328.

EDUCATION IN CUBA: Specially designed tour April 15-23, Montreal departure. Other tours also available in '79. Contact Guardian Tours, 33 W. 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011, (212) 691-0404.

UNIQUE EDUCATIONAL TOUR of sunny Greece. Popular price. Socrates Club, 2801 Far Hills Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45419.

Foreign Studies

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

MEET RUSSIANS FACE TO FACE. Non-political, non-profit special interest and general exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified participants. Year round departures. Write or phone: Citizens Exchange Corps, 18 E. 41st St., New York, NY 10017 (212) 889-7960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

NYC single male 29 wants to work F/T for a woman. Excellent at giving french massages. Send photograph. Box 96, Brooklyn, NY 11218.

Swedish-American penpal club. Photos, details $1.00. Kristen, Box 338-NR, Wilmette, IL 60091. 312-262-9800.

SOCIETY: NOW WHAT? W/M 37, resourceless, needs suggestions on reintegrating after incarceration. Birk, Box C, Waupun, WI. 53963.

European born and educated woman, 47 unattached seeks friends. Wishes to meet gentleman for quiet get together, exploration of common interests. Boston Area. The New Republic Box 9115.

PROFESSIONAL MAN early 40's (divorced-no children), attractive, sane, and wise interested in an attractive responsive woman for a relationship leading to marriage and children (NYC) TRN Box #9105

Single woman wishes male missives on Joyce, Yeats, colcannon, folklore. Box No. 9100.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

CULTURED SINGLES CLUB - Discriminating singles anxious to meet you. Box 342136, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: NR35, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

WHY VACATION ALONE? Find a co-traveler who shares your tastes. Twos' Company, Dept. NR. Box 260. Kenilworth, Illinois 60043

Boston, mature, WASP woman, divorced, financially secure, attractive, needs male counterpart for companionship and pleasure. Send thoughts and photo. The New Republic, Box 9075.

Male, 50, loves golf, theater, books, wants to meet attractive and interesting woman. Chicago area. The New Republic, Box 9070.

Backgammon

WIN AT BACKGAMMON! Well known authority reveals secrets. Ideal for both beginners and advanced players. Send $1.50 for this report to: Vineyard Galerie, 55A Greenwood Ave., P.O. Box 1378, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568.

Et Cetera

Free three-color biorhythm chart. Send birthdate. Higgins, Box 812, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

DRINKING PROBLEM? Yours or anothers. Confidential inventory fact folder. $2.50. Self-addressed envelope. ALFACT, Box 485, Westhaver, NY 10993

FREE! "Biorhythms Explained" 1979 Calendar $4 + *Birthdate. Wiseman, Box 612NR, Staten Island, NY* 10314

TURN THOUGHTS INTO CASH! Write Short Newspaper Paragraphs. FREE Details! O'Dell 3131-R Stanwood, Philadelphia, PA 19136

FINE WALKING STICKS & CANES
Free color brochure. Marchele Co. Dept. NR 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040.

FREE catalog of "Distinguished Gifts". Write to G. Speck Enterprises, Dept. 1KZ. 819 Alston Ave, Gulfport, MS 39501.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

Literature

Illuminati Update! THE ILLUMINOIDS: Secret Societies, Political Paranoia. Trade Paperback, $6.50. Neal Wilgus, Box 25771, Albuquerque, N.M. 87125.

DAILY ACTIVITIES by D. Patrick Haley. Aboveground novel read by dozens: praised by Carlos Baker, Jerry Galvin, George Dekker, Annie Dillard. Cosmic, comic, deeply melancholy. $4 TNR Box #9110

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dept. R, 207, E. 21st St., NY, NY 10010

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHORS AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

Seeking agent or publisher for humorous *Fables of Chairman Nao*, dealing with education. R.T.H., 227 Lincoln, Highland Park, NJ 08904

LITERARY AGENT SEEKS authors, book length fiction/nonfiction. Reading fee. GELLER, 4515 Twelfth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219.

OVERCOMING MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS How-to Book, Diet, Recipes. $4.50. Monticello, N.M. 87939.

Books, Books, and more books! Free tabloid; small but packed!! Gardner 2E, 1512 Ford Avenue, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90278.

SUNBELT INVESTMENT LETTER. INDISPENSABLE IN THE NEW INVESTMENT ERA. TRIAL $10. P.O. Box 6863, Denver, Colorado 80206.

Announcements

CONGRESSIONAL CONCERN
1) Bill on Pap Smear Test—Prevent Cancer in women
2) More funding Kidney research—Greater Progress
3) Exc. "Hayakawa-Zeferetti resolution" 85-FBI (Terrorist aim destroy country)

Good Causes

Help Congressman Toby Moffett (D-CT) erase his 1978 campaign deficit by purchasing a silkscreen reproduction of an original Alexander Calder gauche. For donations of $50 payable to "Citizens for Moffett," Box 1900, Bristol, Ct., 06010, we will send you a copy of Calder's only political work.

MINERS AND MILLHANDS 1979 A calender featuring the powerful photography of Earl Dotter. Fourteen black-and-white pictures show the life and work of coal miners and textile workers. Space to write in daily engagements. Size: 16" x 10½" opened. $4.00 for one calendar. Ten or more, $3.00 per calendar. Highlander Center, Route 3, Box 370, New Market, TN 37820.

Expensive Dirty Dictator Dolls For Sale Made in U.S.A. by C.I.A. experts

Contented customers in Vietnam took five. Also Iran (paid for in oil) Chile (copper) Nicaragua and Guatemala (bananas).

Diems, Thieus, Shahs, Pinochets, Somozas, Rhees, Parks, Marcoses, Chiangs, etc. etc.

Assassin dolls for Lumumba (Zaire) and General Schneider (Chile), Colonels (Greece, Brazil) Generals (Argentina, Spain, Guatemala) Mobotus for the African trade. Marine dolls (Santo Domingo, Nicaragua)

One model failed—General Miceli caught with $900,000 of CIA cash to make a coup last year in Italy. Jailed and now out on bail.

Exquisite extinguishers of democracy.

Dozens in stock—Have you tried one?

David Mandel, Perth Amboy, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics

REPUBLICAN PARTY-DEAD-DYING, concept for its survival, $1.00 TNR Box 9125.

Business Opportunities

The Comunity Investment Fund of Cambridge seeks Fund Manager experienced in investment/emphasis on venture capital. Applicants should be able to manage a rapidly growing national fund (private offerings) and have a demonstrated interest in community-based, worker-managed businesses. Write: Search Coordinator/CIF/639 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139.

Private mental health clinic for sale. $100,000 annual gross. Direct clinic yourself if you are a mental health professional. Otherwise present owner will oversee operations, fill staff vacancies, etc. on consultant basis. This is an excellent investment opportunity. THE NEW REPUBLIC Box 9120.

Stuff Envelopes at Home 50¢ and Self Addressed stamped Envelopes. FRE, 479 E Santa Anita, Burbank, Calif. 91501.

Employment Opportunities

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU! 50,000 Jobs! All occupations. Big pay. Free transportation. Latest reports, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 2069-NR, La Puente, California 91746

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpose. That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps or VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one- and two-year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles & couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peace Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 An Equal Opportunity Program

Research Positions

R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s, Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston, Texas 77030.

Bumperstickers

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"BROWN's THE ONE" BUMPERSTICKERS, BUTTON, 2/$1. Matchbooks - 50/$2. Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, California 94109.

Gourmet/Cookery

"3 EASY SOUFFLES" for novice or chef. $2.00, N. Weaver, 5 Bacon Street, Winchester, MA 01890

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Music

CLASSICAL CASSETTE CLUB. State-of-the-art sound at budget prices. Introduction offer. Box 506NR, Saddle River, NJ 07458.

KITS Lute, harps, viola da gamba vielle, psaltery, hammer dulcimer, dulcimer. Finished instruments. 50¢ for brochure. James Cox, Luthier, 429 Fawcett St., Baltimore, Md. 21211.

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE
Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories.
Traditional Elegant Designs.
Early Music Stands
Free Catalog
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional Instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Property Sale/Rent

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10533

WESTERN, REALESTATE, INVESTMENTS, Researched $50.++; Datasearchers 9044 Sunport, Albuquerque 87119

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50/ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings - $2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-ZI, Washington, DC 20036.

Vacation/travel

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - Martinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from $310.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

PLANTS PETS & PEOPLE CARED FOR
while you vacation. Mature married couple (37), he an author she an occupational therapist, available for house sitting June & July. BRADT 409 Beacon St. Boston MA 02115.

VACATIONERS! House for rent. Resort town, west Colorado Springs. Weekly/$150, Box 6622, Colorado Springs, CO 80934

Summer Rentals

VINALHAVEN MAINE. Mid-June/mid-August. 3 BR contemporary house on wooded point overlooking granite rocks, secluded cove, Penobscot Bay. Boats. $1200/mo. Peggy Ives, 3025 Newark St. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008. (202) 362-4993.

EAST PENOBSCOT BAY, MAINE. Three-bedroom house, beautiful wilderness surroundings on deep water inlet. Boats included. June-Aug. $500/two weeks. Hoyt, 808 Lafayette, N.E. Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106. (505) 268-4179.

30TH ANNUAL 'ROUND THE WORLD TOUR. 8 countries, 30,000 miles. July 10th to August 9th, 1979. Reservation deadline—May 1. Free brochure: Bryan World Tours, 19 Fairview Avenue, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!,

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)
Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect*: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036 (202) 331-7494

My ad reads:

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Tapping on the Cobblestones

I have discovered a foolproof way to start arguments: just say some kind words about Jimmy Carter. I discovered this by accident. A few months ago I wrote an editorial for *TNR* in which I directed a couple of paragraphs of praise at the current occupant of the White House. Several friends, who had yawned at any number of articles taking what I thought were far more controversial positions, rebuked me severely. Apparently there are a lot of people unwilling to listen to even the most restrained accolades to the president. I have my own list of quarrels with Carter, too long to discuss here, but still I feel no shame in admitting that right now he looks markedly preferable to any of his likely challengers in 1980, either Democratic or Republican. He has brought to the White House a badly-needed sense of limits, something the American government has lacked in the last two decades. Carter realizes that the US can no longer control the destinies of other nations for our own narrow interests, and he accepts this change without tears. He also recognizes that many traditional Democratic approaches to our social and economic problems haven't worked and that wise government requires something more than merely shouting the old slogans like a ritual incantation. Carter suffers, however, from the misfortune of being the first president to take these new realities seriously. Americans naturally don't like to swallow the medicine he prescribes. Consequently Carter finds himself encircled by critics who fantasize that nothing has changed: that all the problems at home can be solved by Great Society-style assaults of money and bureaucracy, and that those abroad require only a stronger will and a bigger defense budget. Realists like Carter don't inspire fervent devotion, but they have their merits. As Mencken reflected in his obituary of Coolidge, "We suffer most, not when the White House is a peaceful dormitory, but when it is a jitney Mars Hill, with a tin-pot Paul bawling from the roof." It will be a measure of the nation's political maturity whether it chooses to reelect Carter or to replace him with one of our tin-pot Pauls, like Teddy Kennedy or John Connally.

Last week the world witnessed yet another instance of one of the world's great powers shamefully ignoring a treaty commitment and abandoning a weak and loyal ally in the face of communist aggression. This is the sort of episode that ordinarily reminds Ronald Reagan of "the sorry tapping of Neville Chamberlain's umbrella on the cobblestones of Munich." Neither Reagan nor any of the other knee-jerk critics of President Carter's foreign policy have said much about this disgraceful spectacle, because it involved the Russians standing idly by as China invaded Vietnam. Reagan and his colleagues, who excoriated Carter for not unequivocally backing the shah of Iran to the bitter end and beyond, have not raised the obvious questions, so I will. Does the invasion by the American puppet, China, indicate a heightened American appetite for imperialistic adventure? Has the Soviet Union suffered a failure of nerve? Are its leaders too weak, too inclined to continual appeasement, to stand behind their friends in times of trouble? Perhaps these questions are being asked in the Kremlin, but so far not here. And I've yet to hear anyone charge that the Soviet Union is behaving like a pitiful, helpless giant.

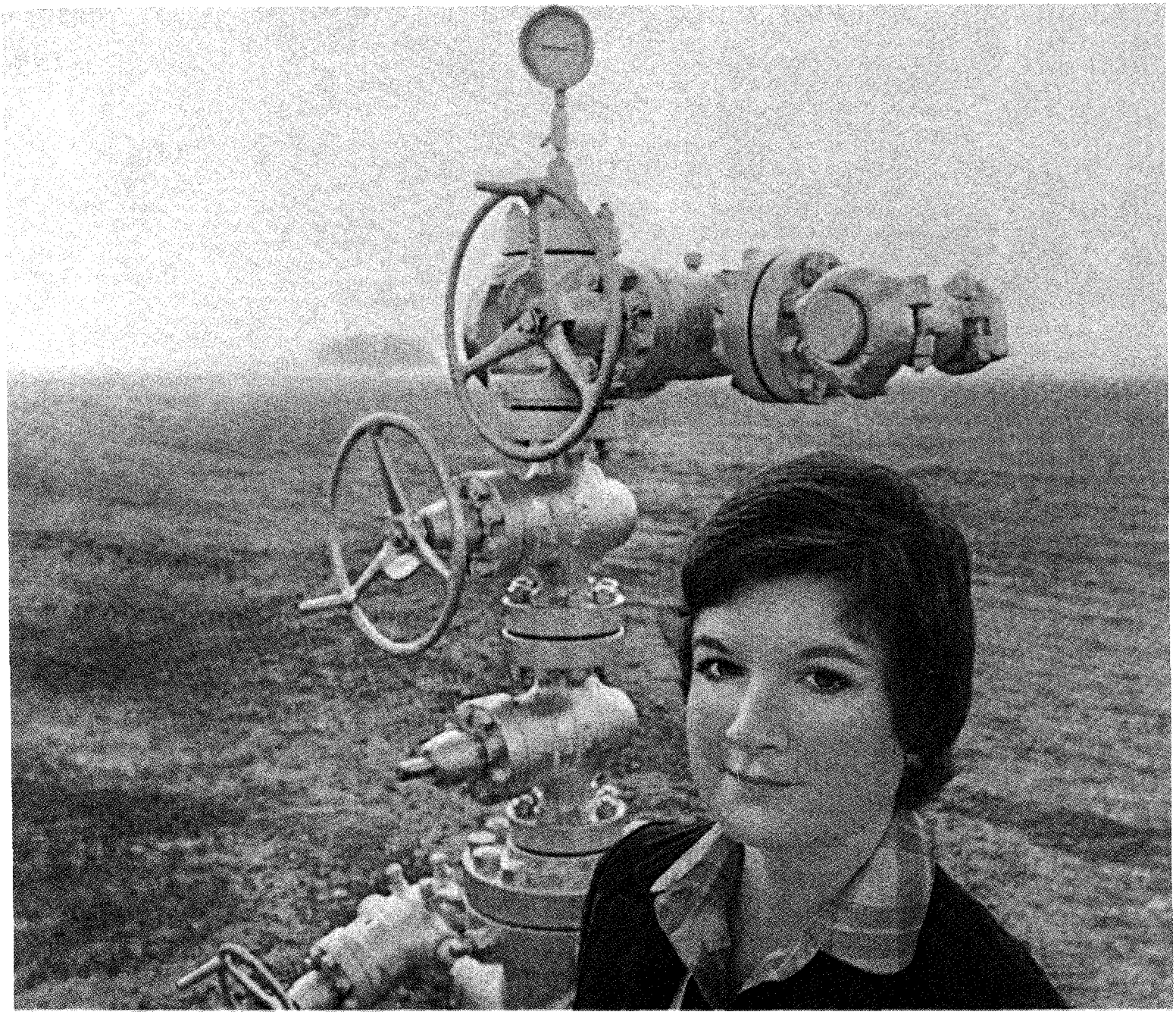
"Roots: The Next Generations" aired last week on ABC-TV. I didn't watch any of it, but I suspect that the episodes dealing with Alex Haley's life didn't mention some unpleasant facts. Haley is surely one of the most successful frauds in memory. So far he has been sued twice for plagiarism, and the second time he had to admit publicly that he had used material from another book in *Roots*. Haley agreed in December to pay $500,000 to Harold Courlander, author of a hitherto obscure novel called *The African*. Haley's family biography has been exposed as spurious by a British journalist; his knowledge of American history has been ridiculed by scholars. Haley is resting comfortably, thank you. At last count, he has made $2.6 million from *Roots*'s hardcover royalties alone, and lots more from the paperback rights and the television adaptation of the book. ABC didn't even blink at finding out that their collaborator is a plagiarist. Immediately after settling his suit, Haley flew to Los Angeles to tape a preview for last week's sequel. For this series he gets a million dollars.

The Thirteenth Amendment explicitly prohibits involuntary servitude, but in at least one respect the amendment doesn't mean what it says: the Supreme Court has never ruled the draft unconstitutional. All the talk I hear about reviving military conscription makes me nervous, and not only because I'm still of draft age. Support for the draft originates less in realistic assessments of the all-volunteer army, which has exceeded anyone's expectations, than in the urge to force people to "serve their country." I don't need to mention the mischief a country can get into when it has a conscript army at the ready. Reliance on volunteers constrains rash ventures; an army fighting a war that is unpopular with its own people will have trouble finding recruits. But I'm more disturbed by the premise that the state has the right to do what it pleases with the lives of its citizens. The idea that any American's life should be at the disposal of the government is as noxious a doctrine as I can imagine, and it should especially offend liberals. Yet the push for the draft comes from both conservatives and liberals, including Ted Kennedy, Pete McCloskey and *TNR*. The draft's proponents haven't confronted how to deal with young men (and perhaps women) who refuse to be drafted. If there is a draft, there surely will be draft resisters. Do critics of the volunteer army really want to force young people to choose between being inducted and either going to prison or fleeing the country? And this in peacetime?

One hears all sorts of reasons for a return to conscription, none of them persuasive. One Senate aide complained to me that the Army is made up of "mercenaries" who have to be "bribed" into enlisting. What these ugly words mean is that the Army is composed only of people who choose to be there. No one would argue that Senate aides are "mercenaries" or that they are "bribed" into taking their jobs, but the logic is the same. *The Washington Monthly*, a magazine I generally admire, employs an Orwellian doublespeak to argue that compulsory national service would resuscitate the old American spirit of voluntarism. Somehow it seems a contradiction to say that one can promote voluntarism through compulsion. It doesn't encourage genuine altruism to say, "If you don't volunteer, we'll make you." Another friend whose opinions are usually very sound also insisted that the draft would encourage voluntarism. "What makes you say that?" I asked. "Well," he said, "it inspired me to enlist."

S.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Twenty million years ago, the site of Marsha's discovery was a seashore. Now it's 40 miles from the sea, and half a mile down.

Marsha Green took a closer look at a 20-million-year-old seashore and found this new gas field.

For geologist Marsha Green, it was a case of reviewing the evidence just one more time and coming up a winner. After only two years with Gulf Oil, Marsha discovered a new and untapped gas field.

Spotted a trend

Her find was near Victoria, Texas, which 20 million years ago was a seashore, rich in the marine life that creates natural gas.

There were plenty of producing wells in this general area. The drilling record of each one tells a geologist something new about the earth's structure.

Marsha pored over these records. And she began to spot a trend.

Textbook curve

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill five exploratory wells. Four were dry. But on one, the instrument that detects natural gas went right off the scale. "A real textbook curve," Marsha says.

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill a series of exploratory wells.

Such moments are rare. But Marsha is a dedicated professional. "I like to try to figure out what happened millions of years ago," she says, "and put the whole picture together."

Marsha Green. One of 52,000 Gulf people, meeting the challenge.

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

Before you ask your pharmacist for a cheaper version of the medication prescribed by your doctor, consider.

In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
MAR 1 1979
MAR 1 1979

With your health at stake, you may want to know more. Please write for our "Key Facts" booklet. It's free. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. NE-903, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED